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HIGHWAYS
AND
BYEWAYS

IN JAPAN



ARTHUR H. CROW,
FR. G. S.







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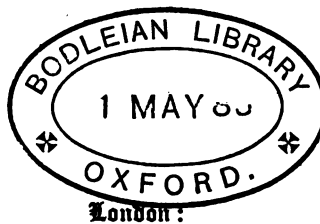


FUJI-SAN, THE PEELESS MOUNTAIN.

HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS IN JAPAN.

THE EXPERIENCES OF TWO PEDESTRIAN
TOURISTS.

BY
ARTHUR H. CROW, F.R.G.S.



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PREFACE

FOR good or for evil, the public have been inundated with literature on Japan since that Empire, a quarter of a century ago, merged from the oblivion of ages and joined the sisterhood of nations. No wish for publicity, nor the faintest claim of novelty have prompted the publication of my four months' experience in that beautiful, but bescribbled land. "Why then help to swell the flood?" the reader will naturally ask. My answer is, that, like many another of the down-trodden race labouring under the stigma of "globe-trotter," I have been weighed in the balance by my friends, found wanting in the virtue of a firm negative, and accordingly adjudged to publish at least some portion of my wanderings. My selection fell

on Japan as at once the most interesting and most readable chapter of my journal.

The latter was written without the remotest intention of future publication, and frequently under very trying circumstances; but, in adhering as closely as possible to the text, I trust the reader may the more easily put himself in my place—as a tourist in far-off Japan. Technical errors, the *brusque* style, and a certain amount of repetition will most readily be forgiven by those who have experienced the irksomeness of chronicling their daily experiences amid ever-changing scenes.

No startling adventures will make the reader's hair stand on end. We never tumbled down any unfathomable abysses, and got caught in the downy bed of an eagle's eyrie; never got washed up half dead on a rocky coast, and received with open arms and knives by hospitable but hungry natives; no desperate tribes of *banditti* ever carried us off to their rocky fastnesses, to gain a ransom from our mourning friends. The only *banditti* who ever molested us were themselves in

mourning, and small enough to pass through the eye of a needle.

In spite of these apparent defects, I humbly trust the reader may find something interesting, something amusing, and, perchance, something even instructive in this little volume wherewith to while away a leisure hour or two.

I take this opportunity to acknowledge my indebtedness for much technical and statistical information to Messrs. Satow and Hawe's "Handbook to Central and Northern Japan," and also to thank my comrade in these rambles—Mr. Ernest B.—for kindly assisting to minimize inaccuracies.

A. H. C.

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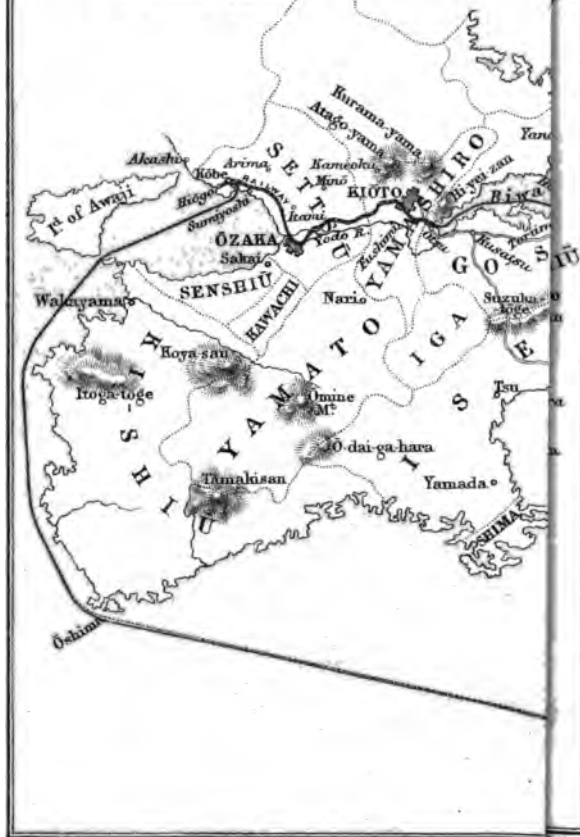
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MAP OF
CENTRAL JAPAN
 to accompany
CROW'S
"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN JAPAN"

Japanese Ri 0 1 2 3 4 5 10 20
 English Miles 0 10 20 30 40 50

Author's Route ———



HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS IN JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

CAPE CHICHAKOFF TO YOKOHAMA.

The Kuro Siwo—Entrance to Kagoshima Gulf—Tide
rip—Junks—Picturesque coasts—Vries Island—
Anchored.

Sunday, 29th May, 1881, Off Japan.—The fresh invigorating breeze of these high latitudes is fast restoring the energy and spirits well-nigh crushed in the sweltering heat of Singapore and Hongkong. A delicious blue haze has tempered the sunshine throughout the day, and given a romantic indistinctness to the volcanic islands of Van Diemen Straits.

Our first view of Japan was Cape Chichakoff, a conical hill at the southern extremity

of Kiusiu. At the foot of the hill stands a fine lighthouse to guide the mariner through the Van Diemen Straits, which abound in low, dangerous reefs and small islands. One of the latter consists entirely of an active volcano, 2500 feet high, from whose three cones issued columns of white smoke, forming into a dense canopy above. The formation of land hereabouts is extremely volcanic, both islands and mainland containing numerous volcanoes either extinct or dormant, while the ocean bed is covered with pumice-stone from the numerous eruptions.

We are now fairly in the current of the *Kuro Siwo* or "Black Stream" of Japan, so called on account of its deep blue compared to the surrounding ocean. What the Gulf Stream does for Great Britain the *Kuro Siwo* does for Japan, tempering a climate by its warm vapours, which otherwise would be subject to great extremes of heat and cold.

Taking its rise between the Philippine and Ladrone Islands, it flows northward, and along the eastern coast of Japan as far as the Tsugara Straits, between Yezo and the main island. Meeting there the cold Arctic

current, it curves away to the north-eastward, and crossing the Pacific, carries its balmy breath to the coasts of Vancouver's Island and Oregon. The strength of the current varies considerably; but along the Japanese coast it averages from two to three knots an hour. That the current is unbroken across the Pacific is evident from the fact that bamboos, trees indigenous to Japan, and wrecks of junks have been from time to time washed ashore on the Oregon coast. Instances are on record of junks, blown by typhoons from their own coasts, and drifted eastward by the current, having landed their crews on American soil, five thousand miles distant. Indeed, it is the theory of more than one scientific man, who has closely studied the subject, that the aboriginal tribes of California, and the ancient dynasties of Mexico, were alike descended from Japanese navigators of old.

Passing the narrow entrance to the Kago-shima Bay, we noticed a strong tide rip caused by the junction at right angles of the tide rushing out of the bay and the *Kuro Siwo*.

In 1863, a British squadron under Admiral Kufer steamed up this bay in order to administer summary punishment to the Prince of Satsuma for the murder of Mr. Richardson near Yokohama by his *daimio's* retainers. The ships met with an exceedingly warm reception from a line of powerful batteries, and although the town of Kagoshima was shelled and the *daimio* submitted to our demands, our vessels retired very severely damaged, with a long list of killed and wounded.

Tuesday, 31st May.—Rewarded for an early appearance on deck this morning by the first glimpse of Fuji-san—the Sacred Mountain of Japan. Its summit was only unveiled for a few moments, and has not appeared again to day. It is a perfect cone, 12,500 feet high, and must have been 100 miles distant when seen this morning.

The nearer we approach the coast, the more numerous become the large junks, and their smaller fishing brethren, enlivening the blue ocean with their square, white sails. These junks are much neater and cleaner than those we saw in Chinese waters, the latter

being chiefly remarkable for the picturesque untidiness of their decks and raggedness of their large mat sails. The spotless white sail of the Japanese junk appears at a distance to be quilted like a bed coverlet, but on nearer approach is seen to be composed of longitudinal strips of cloth, horizontally puckered at regular intervals. The cargo is stowed in a house in the centre of the craft, and the roof covered with matting, the *tout-ensemble* not unlike a floating haystack. The high stern contains the cabin, or more correctly, the "roosting-place" of the crew, and is elaborately ornamented with trellis or carved woodwork. The rudder is an enormous appendage in comparison to the size of the boat, but its power is diminished one half by the fact that it is carved through and through like fret-work, instead of presenting a compact resistance to the water.

I am quite at a loss to understand how such frail-looking craft dare brave the ocean at all, though at the faintest storm warning they make for the nearest harbour.

Storms and typhoons are frequently so sudden that there is no time to reach shelter.

and then, for days after, the wreckage of junks may be seen floating along in the *Kuro Siwo*.

Three or four months are often occupied on a voyage of two or three hundred miles, a leading wind being absolutely necessary. The junk must remain idle in harbour until this happy event occurs, and even then the breeze may only last sufficiently long to carry her another twenty miles on her voyage.

At noon we passed within a mile of Rock lighthouse, at the south extremity of the province of Idzu. Here a sampan pulled off to meet us, and a little being, dressed in the most approved British fashion of twenty years ago, and elevating an ancient opera-glass in his gloved fingers, hailed us with,—

“Want pilot?”

“No!”

Our would-be guide sank at least two inches into his shoes, but after informing him that a large barque was astern, his hopes and the glasses arose once more.

The coast was rugged and mountainous, the cliffs so jagged and forest-clad as to remind me of the Hartz Mountains, large

villages of unpainted wooden houses nestled in the creeks and valleys, but although steaming close to land a powerful glass was necessary to distinguish the dark grey dwellings amongst the surrounding forests and rocks.

Midway between this point and the entrance to the Yedo Gulf lies Vries Island, containing an active volcano 2000 feet high. Dense columns of smoke poured from a crater on the side of a sharp cone, a second and larger crater lower down being evidently extinct.

Excepting several deep furrows, caused by lava pouring down into the sea, the island seems highly cultivated, and contains two or three large villages.

In case of an eruption the people might have a hot time of it. Several eruptions have occurred during the present century, one in 1853 preluding the great earthquakes by which the first treaty port—Simoda—was demolished.

We steamed up the broad Mississippi Bay at sunset, and by dusk had cast anchor near the Treaty Point lightship, our captain thinking it imprudent to enter the crowded roadstead in the dark.

CHAPTER II.

YOKOHAMA AND TOKIO.

First impressions of Yokohama—A sampan—Comparison between Chinese and Japps—Japp dress—A *jinricksha*—Exchange and coinage—Rail to Tokio—Mr. Satow's house—National exhibition—Art department—Asakusa Temple—Interviewing interpreter—Visit to Mrs. Black—Tea-firing go-down—Start for Kobe.

Wednesday, 1st June, 1881.—At daybreak we heaved anchor, and took up our berth among several large steamers, about 1000 yards from the English *hatoba*, or stone jetty. There are two of these *hatobas*—the English and the French, about a quarter of a mile apart, but both extending from the Bund, and containing a custom's depôt, at which passengers are searched on their arrival or departure. There are no wharves, and all vessels must discharge in the har-

bour, so passengers go ashore in boats or *sampans*.

The Bund is a handsome marine promenade, about half a mile long. It contains the white *hongs*, or business houses of some of the largest tea and steamship firms, several pretty bungalows fronted by gardens, the Yokohama United Club, and the large and somewhat unprepossessing Grand and Windsor Hotels. Behind, and stretching in a semicircle around the harbour to the northward, lies the flat, unattractive town, a mongrel admixture of vulgar European and primitive Japanese architecture.

Along the northern curve of the harbour lies the town of Kanagawa, where the foreign consulates were first established, at a time when Yokohama was but a small fishing village. Kanagawa, however, was found to be a perilous residence for the foreigners, on account of its situation on the Tokaido—the great national highway—along which periodically passed large armed bands of the feudal *daimios*' retainers, inimical to the Western "barbarians." A bight in the bay separated Kanagawa from Yokohama, across

which the Japanese Government built a substantial causeway. At the same time they raised a long line of quays, custom-house, and other official offices at the latter place, and there requested the foreign merchants and consuls to take up their residence, though officially the treaty port is still known as Kanagawa. The solid, well-paved business portion of Yokohama, immediately behind the Bund, was literally raised out of a marsh, from which fact it takes its nomenclature of "The Swamp Settlement."

In pleasing contrast to the sombre grey town stands the Bluff—a beautiful wooded plateau—fringing the southern shore of the harbour, and on which stand the bungalows, cemeteries, and hospitals of the foreigners. The Bluff terminates in the rocky promontory of Treaty Point, which forms the southern boundary of the harbour, outside of which foreign vessels are not supposed to anchor.

Yedo Bay is the finest I ever saw, about twenty miles in width, and its blue surface speckled in all directions with the white sails of junks and fishing-boats. As the early morning mists rolled away, Fuji-san's snow-

capped summit appeared, tinged with a lovely rosy hue by the rising sun, the anticipation of which had overcome my usual delicate regards for Aurora's feelings when performing her toilet.

Went ashore in one of the flat-bottomed, uncomfortable *sampans*, sculled by a couple of men. One works his oar over the stern, and the other over the side, each standing, and using his thigh as a help to the heavy oar, and with each pull drawing in his breath with a noise like a small steam engine. Neither wore any superabundance of apparel—merely a loose blue cotton gown, and a loin cloth.

We took a walk through the European part of the town, but were in no way impressed with any of the houses or streets, excepting Main Street, which, as the name suggests, is *the* street of Yokohama. It is tolerably broad, well paved and lighted, and contains shops that would in no way disgrace Regent Street.

The Japanese themselves were, however, the most interesting objects to us. They appear to contrast very favourably with the

Chinese, both in respect of good looks, and in their ceremonious politeness to one another. Their complexion is not so sallow, cheek bones so high, nor eyes so sly and cunning as those of the Celestials, whom we see stalking along Main Street with the same independent stride as in their native Shanghai.

Nearly all the Japps, both male and female, wore the high wooden clogs, even on which they look puny enough, but the dress of the men varied from the coarse blue gown or *kimono* of the coolies, worked with grotesque figures, or huge Chinese characters on the back, to the latest English fashions and patent leather pumps of the dandies. Few of the latter, however, seemed to have the faintest idea of the proper application of their garments.

The women all wear the long-sleeved *kimono*, fastened at the waist with a broad sash or *obi*, which is formed—I can scarcely say “tied”—into a bow behind, and is usually made of silk ornamentally woven. The *obi* is the most conspicuous part of their dress, and is certainly most becoming.

The Japanese Government, ever paternal towards its subjects, ordered some years ago that the hair of male children should be allowed to grow, therefore only a few of the men still wear the short cue of hair fastened back over the head, the majority having the hair cut in European style, and awfully shaggy, black mops they are.

We saw but few carriages drawn by horses, and these were always accompanied by a *betto*, a groom who runs in front to warn foot-passengers on the crowded streets. Vehicular locomotion is almost monopolized by the *jinricksha*, small two-wheeled conveyances, with seat and movable hood very like those of a perambulator. In these you are towed about the streets at about six miles an hour by a semi-nude coolie, who willingly makes a draught animal of himself for ten *sen*, or threepence an hour.

My first business ashore was to change a few circular notes into *kin-satsu*, or Japanese paper money, at the Oriental Bank, where, as in China, I found the Chinese "*shroff*" performing the duties of cashier, and had to submit to his *dictum* as to the

rate of exchange. The financial department of all the banks, and most of the large business houses, is entrusted entirely to Chinamen, more on account of their shrewdness and mathematical ability, than honesty, for in neither of the former qualifications are the Japanese, as a rule, proficient. The *shroff*, in giving the rate of exchange, or discounting a bill, always allows for a certain small amount as his legitimate "squeeze," and thus obtains a considerable income apart from his salary. From this it would seem that the foreign money-market is mainly under control of John Chinaman, whose good offices, from first being availed of as a convenience, have now become an absolute necessity.

The Japanese coins, at present in common use, are the *yen*, a handsome silver coin, of the same size and value as the Mexican dollar, viz. about 3s. 10*d.*, fractional silver pieces of the *yen*, and copper *sen*, of which 100 equal the *yen*. There is also a large oblong coin called a *tempo*, worth eight rin or eight-tenths of a *sen*.

In treating with the natives the *satsu*

or paper money, and copper coins for change are always used. The notes are in decimal denominations, ranging from ten *sen* upwards, the *yen* note being nominally equivalent to the Mexican dollar. At present, however, it is at a discount of 63 per cent., which looks as though foreign financiers have but little faith in the ability of the Japanese Government to redeem their paper.

We paid a visit to a Japanese photographer's, and I never before saw more exquisitely coloured landscapes and portraits. Their proficiency in photography can hardly be wondered at, the virtues required for that art being so closely allied to their natures, viz. patience, care, and cleanliness.

Having accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Satow, Japanese Secretary to the British Legation, we left Yokohama by the 4.30 p.m. train for Tokio. This little railway line, only twenty miles in length, was built and stocked by an English company for the Japanese Government some ten years ago, and though at first managed by foreign officials, is now entirely run by natives dressed in the most approved railroad uniforms. Our guard

was a consequential little fellow, who blew his whistle and waved his signal for departure to the grave, spectacled driver with as much self-importance as though ordering a cavalry brigade to the charge. The luxuriant first-class *coupés* were almost empty, most Europeans and the better class of Japanese frequenting the long second-class cars, with side seats like those on our tramway lines. I noticed that the Japps almost always took off their clogs on the platform outside, and carried them to their seats. The great mass of natives, however, for very good reasons, follow the example of Tommy's uncle depicted in *Punch*, who always went third because there was no fourth. At the risk of a ten-dollar fine we remained on the platform enjoying the run through a beautiful undulating country, richly cultivated with millet, wheat, vegetables, and rice (the latter fields at present under water), skirting Yedo Bay, and occasionally stopping at some little village, whose neat wooden houses peeped out from a mass of foliage.

Arriving at the Shinbashi terminus at Tokio after an hour's journey, we were

beset by a crowd of *jinricksha* coolies, out of whom we each selected a tandem, and were soon bowling alongside the broad moat encircling the castle, past the handsome Engineering College, contrasting strangely with the rambling old wooden buildings we had just passed, and were finally set down at the entrance to the British Legation. Our coolies evidently had mistaken our instructions, but the gate-porter re-directed them, and in another ten minutes we were in the drawing-room of Mr. Satow's beautiful little Japanese house.

It is, of course, solely built of wood, one-storied, and the rooms divided by *fusuma* and *shoji*—the one being a sliding screen covered with stout white paper, the other a sliding framework pasted over with thin, tightly-drawn paper, and serving instead of a window. There are, therefore, no doors; ingress or egress being obtained by sliding the screens, which fit in their grooves tightly enough to prevent all draughts. The floors consisted of finely-woven soft mats, two or three inches thick, but which, unlike a purely Japanese house, were covered with handsome Brussels carpets.

Our *jinricksha* coolies were the source of some trouble to us, evidently considering what we had given them insufficient, although nearly double their legal fare; and as neither they nor the servant could speak a word of English, we left them in mutiny outside until Mr. Satow's arrival, when it turned out that they swore we had kept them two hours waiting at the Legation. Of course they were instantly dismissed.

From Mr. Satow and Lieutenant Hawes (formerly instructor at the Imperial Marine College) we obtained much valuable information on our prospective trips in the interior and Yezo. They have in combination published the "Handbook to Central and Northern Japan," the fruits of many years' experience in the country, a work simply invaluable to all travellers, and to their labour I trust a substantial reward will follow.

A rapid midnight drive in *jinricksha*, through dark streets, illuminated only by the fitful light of our paper lanterns, brought us to the Sei-yo-ken Hotel, three miles

distant, and ended our first eventful day in Japan.

Thursday, 2nd June. Yokohama.—The Sei-yō-ken Hotel is kept by Japps in European style; but there only appear to be one or two guests besides ourselves, although it is the only hotel for Europeans in Tokio.

We arose early, and taking *jinricksha*, drove for several miles through broad but crowded streets, and across a fine stone bridge over one of the numerous canals, until we arrived at the entrance to the National Exhibition buildings.

This exhibition is open from the beginning of May till the end of June, and is solely for Japanese productions and manufactures, without any ulterior aid whatever. We were quite taken by surprise with the wonderful progress made by this newly-opened country. There were steam ploughs and other agricultural implements of the latest types, fine cotton cloths, printing machines, telegraph and telephone apparati, models of marine engines, graving docks, &c., Snider rifles, and many other clever imitations of the

latest foreign inventions, one and all made solely by the Japanese. I imagine they find it easier to imitate than to make use of some of the more complex machines. At Yokosuka, near Yokohama, they have fine graving docks and navy yards, where, under foreign guidance, native workmen have turned out several gunboats and a yacht which would be an ornament to any navy. Foreign engineers are employed for almost all the large steamers sailing under the Japanese flag, as the Japp engineers cannot be relied upon in the control of such large machinery. I remember reading somewhere that when the first war-steamer was purchased, a large and distinguished company of ministers and other high officials of the realm were invited to a grand trial trip in Yedo Bay, the vessel being entirely manned by Japanese. All went merrily until the close of the trip, when the important question arose as to how the engines were to be stopped, the formula for which had been totally forgotten by the engineers. They solved the difficulty by steering round and round until the steam was all exhausted.

The most interesting part of the exhibition was the art collection of bronzes, porcelain, silks, &c., in a large red brick edifice, divided into several apartments, and very artistically lighted. The inlaid bronze work was something magnificent. Some small bronze plates, beautifully inlaid with gold and silver, had occupied the artists more than twenty years of their lives to accomplish, and are almost priceless. Many of the most valuable articles belong, I am informed, to the Government, who evidently wish to enhance the value of Japanese work, the prices being in many cases fabulous. One brilliant crystal ball, the size of a large orange, and worked entirely by hand, was priced at 8000 *yen*, or about 1000*l*. Large manufactories of finely-worked bronzes, porcelain, or lacquer ware do not exist in Japan; but the secrets of these arts are confined to a few families, having been handed down from generation to generation. Many of these secrets have died out with their inheritors, and with the increased value of labour and introduction of modern civilization, these grand fruits of many years patient toil are

already things of the past. The work of the present day, as a rule, is mere "shoddy," hurriedly pushed through to satisfy the vulgar craze of a foreign public, which neither appreciates nor is willing to pay for really good, honest workmanship. It is a common belief at home, probably prompted by the wretched trays and cabinets manufactured for export, that all Japanese woodwork is flimsy, but I never anywhere have seen finer specimens of carpentry skill than in their own domestic articles.

Leaving the exhibition, we jumped into our *jinricksha*, and drove to the Asakusa temples (Buddhist), about two miles distant. They are in an inferior part of the town, and in their vicinity the streets were thronged with long streams of people of all classes passing to and fro. We left the *jinricksha* opposite the entrance, a perfectly straight stone-paved footpath leading up to a high-roofed portal, painted a dull red, and with enormous eaves. Open booths lined the path on either side, exhibiting ornamented pins worn by the women in their hair, toys, fireworks, pipes, sweetmeats, &c., all of which seemed in great

demand by the streams of men, women, and children evidently bent on enjoying their holiday, for such the devotees seemed to consider it.

The temple is entered by a broad flight of wooden steps, overhung by ponderous eaves, in which pigeons roost and build their nests amongst the carved woodwork.

The interior consists of a large bare outer room, opening into several inner shrines, whose handsomely carved and gilded woodwork appeared doubly impressive in the sombre light of tapers. In these inner shrines shaven priests squatted on their heels, each independently keeping up a sing-song prayer in a harsh voice, burning incense, striking a bell now and again, and receiving the little copper *rin* which the devotees threw them, either with indifference or a bow according to the amount.

Opposite the central shrine stood a huge wooden chest, covered with an iron grating, into which each worshipper threw a few *rin*, muttered a short prayer, clapped his hands twice, and passed on to some other object of devotion. Two large idols caged-in were

covered with little scraps of paper, which the worshippers had bought from a priest, with some prayer inscribed thereon, chewed in their mouths and spat at the idol. If a god of that description were kept in stock in the public buildings of the United States as the receptacle for Brother Jonathan's superfluous expectoration, it would be a boon to the travelling public.

Another large idol to the right of the entrance attracted numerous bodily sufferers, who first rubbed the place on the god where they were afflicted and then themselves, so that under the application of vigorous friction from ailing mortals for generations, the god himself is dying a lingering death of consumption. There is a constant din in the temple from the wooden clogs, gossip, or laughter of the throng, mingled with the tinkling of priests' bells and flapping of the pigeons' wings as they fly in or out.

The temple grounds contain several shrines, a pagoda, and any number of booths for amusement, for which rather than worship most of the people seem to come. We were the objects of the special solicitations of the

proprietors of the waxwork exhibitions, who doubled the power of their lungs as we approached. The figures were movable, representing tragedies, romances, elopements, &c., but all appeared considerably overstretched. Coy maidens, highly painted and powdered, invited us to try our hands at the archery booths; while for a few *rin* we obtained the privilege of feeding some ugly monkeys at one place and listening to a story-teller, whom we could not understand, at another.

Close to the pagoda is a revolving library, which, to quote from Mr. Satow's book, "is large enough to contain a complete edition of the Buddhist Scriptures, but turning so easily on a pivot as to be readily made to revolve by one vigorous push. A ticket over the door explains the use of this peculiar bookcase.

"Owing to the voluminousness of the Buddhist Scriptures, 6771 vols., it is impossible for any single individual to read them through, but a decree of merit equal to that accruing to him who should have perused the entire canon will be obtained by those who will cause this library to revolve

three times on its axis, and, moreover, long life, prosperity, and the avoidance of all misfortunes shall be their reward."

From Asakusa we drove to the *Kaizenji*, an exhibition of old lacquers and bronzes in one of the temples, which to a *connoisseur* in these arts would be extremely interesting, but possessed no charm for us. We therefore soon felt "bored," and drove to the house of Mrs. Black, some miles away. (Tokio is truly the "city of magnificent distances.") Ernest had a letter of introduction and a parcel from England for her, which had haunted us for some time. Like many of the foreign residents in Tokio, she lives in a purely Japanese house, but with, of course, European furniture. By special favour of the Government she is allowed to reside outside the reservation for foreigners' dwellings. Mr. and Mrs. Black came to Japan about twenty years ago, and have passed through all those troublous times of revolutions and assassinations when no foreigner's life was safe. Mr. Black took a prominent part in foreign politics, edited, I believe, the first English newspaper in Japan;

and as the fruits of his long experience in the country, published *Young Japan*; but, unhappily, died shortly afterwards.

Thence we drove another two or three miles to the railway-station, dismissed our *jinricksha* men, and were soon speeding on our way from ancient Tokio (Yedo might be the more appropriate title in that sense) to modern Yokohama.

Friday, 3rd June, Yokohama. — This morning we went to the Grand Hotel, to interview an interpreter for our journey in the interior. He was a lean, sly-looking fellow, dressed in a swell silk *kimono*, and wore superior straw sandals. His replies to our first and second questions were unexceptionable.

“Do you speak English well?” “Yes.”

“How much wages do you want?”

“One *yen* a day;” but after that he stuck, and we let him depart in peace, though it was more than he deserved.

It is extremely hard to get hold of a good interpreter, and one at the same time who has a faint trace of honesty in his features.

The hotel-keepers usually have one or two

on hand of the description just mentioned, but rarely a man worth his salt. Those who can speak English fairly well usually prefer a permanent situation in a foreign merchant's business, or in an official capacity at eight or ten dollars a month, to the uncertainty of the more lucrative interpreter's position to passing tourists, who rarely spend more than a month in the country, and that in the immediate vicinity of the treaty ports. In fact, a situation as interpreter is sought by many merely as a help to their attainment of English, and a step to a higher position in life; hence the number of ineligible candidates.

Mr. S., of S. B. and Co., kindly showed us through their large "tea-firing"¹ *go-down*, a low, rambling building of grey stone. The tea as sent to the merchants in Yokohama, packed in large rough boxes, is the raw green leaf dried by the growers in the interior by laying on shallow wicker baskets and exposing to the sun's rays. In the *go-down*

¹ A fire-proof warehouse. The word is said to be of Malay origin, and is used by all Europeans in the far East.

stand several hundred little copper boilers, and at each of these a woman, unclothed to to the waist, constantly stirs the tea-leaves until they are curled up by the heat to the size familiar to every one at home. It is then shaken on a fine sieve to abstract all dust and dirt, and afterwards packed in chests and half chests, covered over with stout matting, and branded with the steamer's name, &c.

Japanese tea has but a small market in Europe, the Americans being its chief consumers, and to suit their merchants the boxes must be neatly matted over. Dainty, epicurean ladies at home little think as they sip the delicate beverage what hours of painful, sickening toil their poorer sisters in Japan undergo in its preparation. In the busy season the poor women must work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, in an atmosphere poisoned by the fumes of a hundred charcoal fires and by the strong odour of burning tea, and impregnated thickly with dust. They must in most cases tramp a weary five or six miles back to their homes after work is over, and all this for less than

seven shillings a week. Steps are, however, been taken by some of the large firms to give them better ventilation and shorter working hours.

At tiffin in the Grand Hotel to-day, we were surprised to again meet Mr. K., a New York gentleman whom we had last seen on board the s.s. *Powan* on the Canton river. He goes on to San Francisco by the *Gaelic*, and thence overland to New York.

In the afternoon we attended an auction of a large collection of old bronzes, lacquer, &c., owned by a gentleman who had been nine years in the country and was about to leave for home. Auctions of this sort are constantly taking place, and I should advise travellers inexperienced in works of art of this description to await one of these auctions, where he may obtain at low prices articles which have cost the original owner years of curio-hunting to collect.

At the Mitsu Bishi Company's handsome offices we found Captain Burdis, superintendent captain to the company, and to whom I had a letter of introduction. Had a very pleasant chat with him about the pro-

spects of an autumn trip to Yezo, which he thinks we will enjoy. He was travelling along the coast of Yezo last autumn surveying the harbours, thought it a beautiful country, and remarkably free from the petty annoyances of Japanese officialdom, never once having been asked for his passport.

Saturday, 4th June, off the coast, s.s. Escambia.—To-day we had an interview with another interpreter, who was highly recommended by an American gentleman, just arrived from a journey through the interior. The man, Yoshi by name, speaks a fair amount of English, agreed to carry our baggage through the country on his *jinricksha*, and will also act as cook, for all which services he asked a *yen* a day. We engaged him on the spot, thinking another man combining so many valuable services might be difficult to find. He stands about five feet, but is powerfully built, has an ugly but honest and good-humoured face tanned by exposure to a nut-brown. We sent him and his *jinricksha* on board the steamer for Kobe, on which we sailed from Yokohoma at 4.30 p.m.

Our plans, as at present arranged, are to go by rail from Kobe to Osaka and Kyoto, and from the latter place start on a long pedestrian tour over the Nakasendo, one of the great highways of Japan, through the interior as far as Nikko, and thence to Tokio by *jimricksha*.

CHAPTER III.

KOBE AND OSAKA TO KIOTO.

Baggage and dress for journey—Appearance of Kobe—Kobe waterfall—Straw rain-coats—Trade, &c., of Osaka — Fish-market — Imperial Mint—Osaka castle—Slovenly soldiers—A human menagerie—Interiors of Buddhist and Shinto Temples—Osaka to Kioto by rail—Ya-ami's Hotel—Pilgrims' pleasure-booths—A public bath-house—Tea-house, tea, *saké*, &c.—Mikado's palace—Temple of the thousand-armed Kwan-non—Wood figure of Buddha—Yasaka pagoda.

Sunday, 5th June, 1881, At Sea.—This morning broke beautiful and calm, but the whole afternoon it has been raining miserably, though happily we have plenty to occupy us preparing for our long journey in the interior. We are to leave all heavy baggage in Kobe, and for the few necessities required for our journey have purchased a couple of strong oblong wicker-baskets.

The covers are of the same depth as the baskets, the one shutting so closely into the other as to allow of a considerable expansion or diminution in the size of the package, according as the provisions are increased or consumed. Over the baskets go waterproof coverings of stout oiled paper, the whole being strongly roped. These with my photographic apparatus will just fill the *jinricksha*, and complete our equipment.

Our dress will be of Chinese blue flannel, the coat being buttoned up close to the neck and having a straight collar, so we will be perfectly independent of starched linen, which we would probably be under the painful necessity of washing for ourselves.

At ten a.m. we passed the Oriental and Occidental Company's mail steamer *Gaelic*, bound for Yokohama and San Francisco. Courtesies were exchanged by dipping ensigns.

Monday, 6th June, Kobe.—Last night, while running through the dangerous Kii Channel into the Inland Sea, we encountered a heavy gale, with rain in torrents, and a darkness so intense that we had to grope our way through

at slow or half speed, sometimes stopping altogether. The captain never left the bridge, until anchoring a few hundred yards from the Kobe Bund at sunrise.

Kobe has a beautiful situation at the foot of a forest-covered, picturesque range of hills, among which can be here and there discerned a small farmhouse, shrine, or temple.

The European settlement looks bright and homelike, with its substantial white houses and neat gardens, its handsome marine promenade encircling the little bay, and its streets running a considerable distance up the hill-sides, on which many of the handsomest residences stand. The *tout-ensemble* brought back to memory a certain little Welsh seaside resort not one hundred miles from Liverpool.

Kobe is merely a continuation of Hiogo, the whole forming one long town, with a population of 55,000 souls. A railway wharf juts out from the promontory on which Hiogo is built, but only vessels flying the Japanese flag, or with material for the railway, are allowed to lie alongside it.

Osaka, formerly the great commercial emporium of Japan, is, on account of the shallowness of its river, unapproachable by ocean-going steamers within several miles, and therefore its goods are landed at the Hiogo wharf and sent on by rail. The railway thus secures an enormous traffic; in fact, it is said to have the largest in the world in proportion to its mileage.

The total number of Europeans and Americans in Kobe and Osaka only amount to 500.

There has been a genuine Scotch mist all the morning, so we preferred remaining on board the steamer, to venturing into the deserted, damp-looking town.

In the afternoon the sky cleared, so going ashore in a sampan, we paid a visit to Mr. H., whom we found a most genial, hospitable gentleman. His nineteen years' experiences in Japan make his advice of great value to us.

In the evening we paid a visit to the waterfall, *the* sight of Kobe, and about twenty minutes' walk from the hotel. A winding, up-hill path led us into a lovely ravine luxu-

riating in the densest foliage, its rocky sides adorned with beautiful tiger lilies and ferns. The fall is not a large body of water, nor more than eighty feet in height, but it is the weird beauty of its situation, tumbling down from some unseen heights in the dense foliage above, into a deep basin worn out of the solid rock, that forms its real attraction. Two or three small tea-houses occupy the points whence the best views of the fall may be obtained. The guide-book says, "Troops of large monkeys are sometimes seen in the neighbourhood." That appears to be either the outcome of the heated imagination of tourists, startled by the impish, nut-brown forms of the little nude children occasionally nutting in the surrounding woods; or a dark hint of the author's as to the true origin of the Japanese race?

Tuesday, 7th June, Osaka.—It has rained almost incessantly throughout the day. The *sampan* coolies bristled like porcupines in their straw rain-coats, their heads protected by an enormous plaited, mushroom-shaped hat as large as a good-sized parasol. The coats cover the shoulders and body like an Inver-

ness cape, the straw being thatched, as if for the roof of a house.

We took our tiffin with Mr. H., and afterwards essayed at tea-tasting in Mr. B.'s office, but did not like the bitter flavour of the green leaves.

Acting on Mr. H.'s advice, we have had a couple of flea dresses made, as a protection against those little pests, which swarm in almost every native inn throughout the land. These dresses are simply linen sacks, six feet long, and with closed sleeves. The only aperture is at the neck, which, when you are once inside, is drawn tight by a running tape. They do not look as if free locomotion will be at all easy.

Our provisions formed a very important topic of conversation, but we have not found any two of our advisers agreed as to what one may or may not obtain in the interior. If we followed Mr. H.'s advice to take a large stock of tinned meats and some dozen bottles of claret, we should be hampered by a most inconvenient baggage-train. We have settled the difficulty by packing in our baskets a few tins of Liebig's extract of meat, Swiss

condensed milk, and extracts of coffee and cocoa, besides a large tin of soda biscuits to serve in lieu of bread.

We took the 9.25 p.m. train for Osaka, twenty odd miles distant, arriving there in an hour. Our *jinricksha*, with its load of baggage, was carried in the guard's van, while Yoshi slumbered and slept in the adjoining carriage.

Arrived at Osaka, we drove at a rapid pace through dark, narrow streets, whose roughness gave us an awful jolting, to Jiu-tei's hotel. The accommodation is in European style—the only hotel of the sort in Osaka—and in every respect first-class.

Wednesday, 9th June, Kioto.—Jiu-tei's hotel stands in the centre of the foreign settlement, which occupies a flat, narrow island surrounded by muddy canals, crowded with large junks and small river steamers.

From its numerous canals intersecting the town in every direction, Osaka has been aptly termed the "Venice of Japan;" but there its similitude to the home of Marco Polo ends.

The population is about 270,000—the

second city in Japan in point of numbers, though not in area. Although its foreign trade does not approach one-fourth that of Yokohama, it is in native trade the commercial capital of Japan, which, from its central situation in the empire, and having such close communication with the wealthy city of Kioto, it is well fitted to be.

From want of deep water communication, Osaka was found to be unsuited to foreign trade, so most of the European merchants withdrew to Kobe, leaving only about thirty foreigners in the town, of whom about half are missionaries. Society must be in a state of perfect stagnation, the men of the world more or less objecting to mix with their clerical brethren.

It was a lovely morning, so rising early we set off on foot to explore the wonders of the town under Yoshi's guidance. Osaka was his birthplace, so he took an especial interest in showing us about his native town, of which he is very proud.

Our first visit was to the fish-market, a good illustration of the omnivorous capacity of the Japps. There were handsome fish like red

mullet, eels, dried salmon, dark brown bonito steaks shaped like a scythe whetstone, and quite as hard, all sorts of dried shell fish, tiny cuttle-fish and squids, sea-weed, and even entrails, not a particle of the fish appearing to be wasted. As may be supposed, our olfactory nerves were considerably disturbed, and soon required a change of air.

Walking a long distance through remarkably clean streets and across several handsome bridges, we arrived at the Tenjin Sama, a very popular temple, with extensive grounds containing numerous small shrines, bronze and stone lanterns, &c. An extremely stagnant pool behind the temple was crammed with tortoises, whose knowing little heads were constantly peering out of the water for the rice which the women and children amused themselves by throwing in.

Our next visit was to the Imperial Mint, a fine group of red-brick buildings with four tall chimneys, a handsome residence for the English manager, and extensive, well-laid-out grounds. The entrance we found guarded by a couple of Lilliputian soldiers. At the

porch, on production of our passports and cards, one of the officials conducted us to the head office, where two, evidently superior officers, were busy writing. One of them on hearing our request at once, in very good English, politely informed us that we might go through the works, and only regretted that the officer to conduct us could not speak English. Foreigners are evidently a privileged class in this country, for poor Yoshi had to remain outside.

No gold was being coined to-day—for a very good reason, I suspect—but the silver and copper departments were in full swing. Every distinct operation, from the furnaces, where the solid bars are moulded, down to the last stamp on the finished coin, is conducted in a separate room ; all, however, being divided by glass windows, so that an uninterrupted view from end to end can be obtained. Each room is under the superintendence of three responsible officers, whose duty it is to account for every particle of bullion that enters their room. The whole of the machinery is driven from one powerful engine in a separate building. The machinery was bought from the

Hongkong Government in 1870, and at first managed by the former director of that mint and a dozen Europeans, but, as in all other Government departments in Japan, native artisans have learnt enough to take the place of the foreigners, and now, I believe, only the English manager remains. All the men employed are obliged to wear European dress, or the hybrid costume called European dress in Japan, the loose *kimono* not being conducive to quick work or honesty.

From the mint a few minutes' walk brought us to the castle, a series of ancient fortifications constructed in the sixteenth century, and surrounded by strong battlements, and a broad, deep moat. In the old *régime* it must have been impregnable, and even in these days of powerful artillery, it is not to be despised. The battlements are immensely strong, and faced with gigantic blocks of stone, many of them fully twenty feet by twelve. It is a mystery how such enormous weights could have been placed in their present position without the aid of modern machinery. It points to the conclusion that the Japanese of old were of a much more powerful physique

than the puny race of the present day. But does this conclusion apply to the Japanese alone?

The principal approach to the castle is by a broad stone causeway, and to gain admittance we presented our cards at the guard-house to a *sous-officier*, who at once let us in. The guard was composed of a dozen slovenly, dissipated-looking fellows, whose uniforms, once of white duck, had in the course of time acquired a neutral tint, the general appearance not being enhanced by an undeveloped pair of trousers, or coat with a decided leaning to one side.

There are three separate fortifications, the innermost being on the summit of the hill, and containing a deep well to supply the besieged in their last retreat. From the summit we enjoyed a complete panorama of Osaka, and a fine view over the beautiful, sunny plain stretching as far as Kioto, and guarded on either hand by ranges of forest-covered hills.

On the parade-ground outside the castle we found two or three companies being drilled. The men all wore their white

uniforms and German caps, but the commissioned officers were dressed after the French model, instituted, I suppose, by their former French military instructors.

The officers appeared by no means happy on their prancing steeds, and one of them parted company with his animal altogether, the latter galloping riderless past us. It seemed to be an usual part of the programme, no one taking any notice of the occurrence.

From the depths of a shady avenue hard by a discord of sounds, evidently from a menagerie, was wafted to our ears. On nearer inspection, however, we discovered the regimental band discoursing sweet music, apparently intended for some French martial air, but unhappily for the public peace, none of the perpetrators appeared to have got hold of the right key, and as to time, their motto was "*sauve qui peut*."¹ We did not stop until the curtain fell, but hied away in *jinricksha* to a small bazaar. The latter was being held in a temple (often used

¹ I have since heard one or two very fair bands in Japan, but never such excruciating discord as at Osaka.

for such purposes), and in the grounds we found a collection of wild beasts, including a huge grizzly bear from Yezo, and a few deer and wild boars. The bazaar was evidently a permanent institution, containing little else than one could buy at any of the outside shops.

Two large Buddhist temples—the Hyashi Hongwanji and the Nishi Hongwanji—situated on the same street, within a few hundred yards of each other, well repaid a visit. The gigantic, high-roofed portals of both are very handsomely painted and carved, with peonies, chrysanthemums, &c., while a pair of huge eyes over the top signified the watchful presence of the all-seeing Buddha.

The temples of the two great religious sects of Japan, Buddhist and Shinto, are almost exactly similar in outside appearance, but the interior of the former is more ostentatiously fitted up with handsome gilt shrines, idols, &c. The general appearance of the shrines, together with their paraphernalia, remarkably resemble the altars of a Roman Catholic cathedral. Gold and brass candelabra, with lighted tapers and candles, incense burners,

dimly burning lamps, chalices, &c., all remind one of religious formalities nearer home ; and when the priest, with shaven head and dressed in purple stole and white chasuble, performs mass in the dim religious light and halo of incense, the illusion is certainly not lessened. A dish of fresh, gay flowers always stands on the shrine, the *lotus* lily always being represented in bronze, if not in bloom. This handsome white lily is the Buddhist emblem of purity. Growing into its lovely form out of a mass of filth, it is symbolical of the growth and life of the good Buddhist, uncontaminated by the surrounding wickedness and filth of the world.

The interiors of the Shinto temples are extremely simple, their object of worship being an all-pervading spirit never represented in figure. In fact, it has always appeared to me that the devotees of this the national religion have no general idea of what they are worshipping, but evidently believe they are pretty safe so long as they do not omit throwing a few copper *rin* into the wooden coffer.

The entrances to the Shinto temples or to

any holy Shinto ground, are always signified by one or more *torii*, i.e. tall wooden portals, something like football goals with very thick posts. Across these are sometimes stretched straw ropes—also Shinto emblems.

The temples of both religions are so monotonously alike that we have already contracted the “bored” feeling known to all martyrs to continental picture-galleries, and having no wilful fair companions will attempt to give the native places of worship a wide berth in future.

After tiffin at Jiu-tei's hotel, we caught the 3.10 p.m. train for Kyoto, twenty-five miles distant. The line runs along a highly cultivated plain, hemmed in by ranges of hills, and diversified by numerous little villages, whose inhabitants were busy harvesting the first crop of wheat and rye. As elsewhere in Japan, the largest area of land is devoted to rice culture. Some of the farm people were engaged transplanting the young shoots from small beds into the bare, muddy fields, covered with three inches of water, in which the shoots are planted in small bunches about six inches apart. The grain will not

be matured until September, but "puddling," and weeding in the mud, must be constantly carried on until the plants are sufficiently strong to look after themselves. Japanese agriculture is truly a "garden cultivation," as some authors have aptly termed it.

The only wild life to be seen was in the numerous white paddy birds, which appeared to be feeding on the worms and grubs in the rice-fields.

Approaching Kioto large vegetable gardens supplanted the rice-fields, and immediately before entering the station, a handsome, dark red pagoda was passed, harmonizing beautifully with its surrounding grove of trees. Our fellow-passengers were a quiet, respectable class of people dressed in the tasteful silk garments of the rich. One group consisted of an elderly man with grave face and lank sparse beard, accompanied by two females, apparently his wives. A couple just opposite made love and flirted in their quiet ceremonious manner the whole way, the lady seeming to make it a part of her duty to constantly relight her lover's pipe, occasion-

ally taking a whiff herself. So much for old Japan ; but in the corner sat young Japan dressed in full European style, and smoking native cigarettes. Whenever any conversation was indulged in, it was always preluded and closed by polite bows and a pleasant smile. Such well-bred company in a second-class railway carriage, it would unhappily be an anomaly to find anywhere outside Japan.

Yoshi amuses us very much at the beginning or end of a railway journey by his intense excitement. He rushes about with arms full of baggage and ticket in mouth, as though it were the last train till doomsday, and his face becomes so purple with vain efforts to answer questions without dropping his ticket, that I begin to fear for the safety of his blood-vessels.

The Kioto station being on the outskirts of the town, our *jinricksha* ran fully twenty minutes through the streets before we commenced the ascent to Ya-ami's hotel, situated away up among the groves and temples of Maruyama Hill.

The hotel is kept up in foreign style, but the house, built solely of wood, is Japanese,

with mats, *shoji* and *fusuma*, a pretty verandah running round the front, and a beautiful miniature garden below. From the verandah is a glorious view of the great grey city, covering an immense space on the plain,—a gigantic basin almost surrounded by lofty hills.

Kioto, the “City of Pleasure” as it was once known, has considerably diminished in importance and size since the Mikado withdrew his court to Tokio on the abolition of the Shogunate in 1868. At present the population is about 225,000, though covering at least twice the space that a European town of that population would do. This is owing to the fact that every Japanese householder occupies a separate dwelling, usually with a little garden behind. In ancient times the town is said to have covered no less than 189 square miles.

In the hedges and on the hills, azaleas are growing wild in profusion, while camellia-trees, thirty feet high, are to be seen in every garden, but will not be in full bloom until the ground is white with snow. An air of sanctity reigns in this beautiful spot, over-

shadowed by a forest of patriarchal trees, and in the vicinity of ancient shrines and temples.

A five minutes' stroll through the woods, brought us into the courtyard of Hyashi Otani temple, a handsome structure with a dreamy quietness so different from the noisy bustle in the Tokio and Osaka temples. In the court, besides the usual array of big stone lanterns and images of the "heavenly dogs," stands a house to shelter a gigantic bell ten feet high by nine in diameter.

Leaving the temple we descended a flight of stone steps, and found ourselves among a number of archery and other booths for the recreation of "pious" pilgrims, who are not at all adverse to investing a couple of *sen* in six shots at old Uncle Buddha's well-worn features. At one booth we amused ourselves and the bystanders by firing little darts out of short blowpipes at a select collection of eggs stuck up on the wall, and having in years gone by been adepts in the noble art of pea-shoot-ing, rather more damage was done than the proprietors liked.

An archery booth next attracted us, but

whether a Japanese bow is made (like a boomerang) to shoot round the corner, or whether there have been some recent alterations in the laws of gravity we have not yet found out, but at any rate our arrows hit pretty well everything around the grounds but the object fired at, and damages as well as fees were collected.

Close to our hotel stands a handsome edifice built story over story like a pagoda, and which we learnt was a bath-house, so Yoshi was sent over to hire a room for our first Japanese bath.

The water in our tank had evidently done good service throughout the whole day, and during our occupation of it an expectant crowd patiently awaited their turn outside the door. The Japanese appear to make use of these hot baths more as a comfortable lounge than anything else, and no soap being used the water is not in such a muddy state as might be expected from the number of occupants. The baths are all perfectly open to the public gaze, and we were surprised to find the bathing perfectly promiscuous, whole family gatherings, men, women, and children,

all in their pristine state, keeping up a constant splashing, laughing, and joking.

The only foreigners besides ourselves at Ya-ami's are Mr. and Mrs. M., of Paris, and Mrs. R. C. J., of San Francisco, with whom we soon made friends, as strangers in a strange land. M. is an artist with a studio in Paris, and is collecting sketches and costumes to form subjects for future paintings.

Thursday, June 9th, Kioto.—We hired *jinricksha* for the day, and spent most of the morning in and out of old bronze and curio shops in a quiet little back street, which we accidentally discovered. The silk embroidery stores of the principal merchants were well worth seeing, this being a branch of art for which Kioto is deservedly famous, but we had to abstain from buying, as it would not do to run short of *satsu* on our journey in the interior, where dollar notes cannot be changed.

The busy streets were remarkably clean in spite of the crowds of pilgrims, merchants, trains of pack-horses, and ox-carts. The shops, dwellings, and people themselves seem far superior to those of Osaka or Hiogo,

and altogether an air of gentility seems still to pervade the Western capital, although deserted by its sovereign and his court.

For tiffin we entered a Japanese tea-house, and were shown into an upstairs room as guests of honour, where we squatted on our heels on the mats, and awaited further developments.

A pretty, but highly rouged and powdered damsel with blackened teeth, and lips painted a cherry red, brought in, on a lacquer tray, little bowls of fish, rice, and cakes, with tea, and saké. The *formula* for preparing the tea is exceedingly simple. A few green, dried leaves are put into a small teapot, boiling water poured on them, and the liquid left to draw for two or three minutes until of a pale straw hue, when it is poured into tiny cups without handles, and drunk very hot. Fresh water is poured into the teapot until all flavour is extracted from the leaves. In the Canton and Hongkong tea-houses we visited the process was somewhat similar, with this exception, that the leaves were placed in an open bowl instead of a teapot, and covered with the cup; but the quality of the Chinese tea we considered far superior.

Saké is a sort of whisky distilled from rice, but containing only seventeen percent. of alcohol, sufficient, however, for a comparatively small amount to take effect on the Japanese brain. It is drunk hot in miniature cups, has a faint straw colour, and is very insipid. For many hundred years it has been the constant accompaniment of all social and political feasts and ceremonies, with most of which it has become firmly indoctrinated. It is, I believe, the only native alcoholic liquor in Japan, and is only habitually drunk by a few. The chopsticks in the hands of amateurs are not a rapid means of satisfying the appetite, and many were the casualties, which seemed to afford immense fun to our little waiters.

After tiffin we were trotted through a maze of crowded streets to the castle of Nijo, erected in the fifteenth century by Iye-Yasu, the first Shogun, and now used as the headquarters of the *Fu-cho*, or Prefect of Kioto. Our object was to obtain permission to visit the Mikado's ancient palace. This was at once granted, and in another quarter of an hour we had reached

the goal. The grounds are very extensive and beautifully laid out, and contain the *yashiki*, or residences, formerly inhabited by the nobles and retainers forming the Mikado's court. The whole are surrounded by a thick stuccoed wall, roofed and white-washed.

An attendant, who, unhappily, could speak no English, conducted us through the palace. It consists of a long rambling collection of wooden buildings, all connected, but whose exact form I could not discover, there being so many interior courts and gardens. The long suites of apartments are quite lonely in their emptiness, being devoid of any furniture. Cedar and maple appeared to be the woods most used, but in some of the rooms the presence of camphor-wood is apparent.

The great interest attaching to the apartments lies in the beautiful paintings of birds and flowers on the *fusuma*, and sliding panels. In the reproduction of birds and flowers, the Japanese excel. With a single spray of wistaria, or chrysanthemum, or the solitary figure of a stork, they will convert a large panel into the most perfect illustration of

æsthetic art. That is their *forte*, but wherever landscapes are attempted a significant failure is the result. They have no idea of perspective, nor are their portraits in the least respect natural. They can, however, caricature fairly well, and the small ivory carvings called *nitshki*, executed in days gone by, show a high appreciation of humour.

The banqueting-hall, a handsome lofty apartment with highly-polished wood floors, contains the portraits in oil of the Mikado and Empress (i.e. his *principal* wife), executed extremely stiffly by a Milan artist from photographs.

In the palace grounds are models of Japanese gardening with lakelet crossed by a miniature bridge, dwarfed trees—gnarled and ugly,—tall camellia-trees, and a miscellaneous collection of flowers and ferns.

On leaving the palace we could not induce our guide to accept a fee, the first instance of the sort I ever remember, and so note it.

From the palace we drove to the Sanjin-sangen-do, the temple of the thousand-armed goddess Kwan-non. The building is over 100 yards long, but narrow, and low in height.

A verandah runs along the front, from which one looks through stout wooden bars upon the throng of gilt figures inside, the latter completely filling the temple. There are altogether 1000 figures of Kwan-non, each five feet high and supplied with 1000 hands and eleven faces, so the array of hands and faces is truly bewildering. They are ranged on a rising platform, one above another, in rows of ten deep. Kwan-non is the Buddhist goddess of mercy.

Near this temple stands another, containing a colossal wooden figure of Dai-butsu (Buddha), about fifty feet high. Some rough wooden steps led up and around the back of the head, which is thickly covered with the dust of ages. A preceding image on this spot, built in the sixteenth century, stood 160 feet high, but both it and the building were eventually destroyed by an earthquake. In the courtyard stands a bell fourteen feet high, nine inches thick, nine feet in diameter, and weighing over sixty-three tons. It formerly hung in a belfry. These splendid monuments of the bronze caster's skill seem to be all dismantled nowadays.

Strolling slowly back to our hotel through the beautiful temple groves, past the "spectacle" bridge and numerous shrines, we found that our path took us directly past the Yasaka pagoda. A fee of about a farthing each, paid to an old dame on the ground floor, admitted us. Scrambling up steep wooden steps to the fifth and highest story, we crawled through a narrow trap door, and emerged on the wooden balcony, for which trouble a splendid view of Kioto and the mountains beyond rewarded us.

During dinner this evening the clouds, which had looked threatening all the afternoon, burst their bonds, and a pouring rain has kept us close prisoners for the evening. Like the photograph album during a "quiet social" in the old country, the visitors' book formed a great resource for amusement, and already showed the products of the fertile brains of former belated tourists. The remarks mainly bear upon the number of centipedes, snakes, scorpions, and other luxuries not included in our bills, but which abound in the hotel.

Every one has some little story to tell

about a centipede discovered in his bed, or a snake under his boots. Little green lizards swarmed among the rafters, but towels and handkerchiefs being requisitioned, a smart fire, kept up for half an hour, relieved us of their superfluous company.

Mr. and Mrs. L., of London, arrived this evening, the former to continue, near Kioto, his collection of insects, which he has been prosecuting for some months in Yezo. They have an interpreter named Ito, who accompanied Miss Bird through the country.

CHAPTER IV.

KIOTO TO HIKONE.

Rail from Kioto to Otsu—A Japp student—Our passports—Lake Biwa — Japp smokers — Steamboat officialdom—Hikone.

Friday, 10th June, 1881, Otsu.—It rained heavily all last night, spoiling our prospective trip down the rapids of the Katsuragawa, intended for to-day, the hotel people saying that we would not be able to persuade the boatmen to go, as the river would be dangerous. Our morning was accordingly spent purchasing porcelain, curios, &c., and forwarding them to Kobe by the Transport Company. At five p.m. we took the train for Otsu, and cut the last cord of communication with people of our own race for at least a month.

This extension of the Kobe line was only opened a few months ago, and, though but

seven or eight miles in length, reflects great credit on the Japanese engineers by whom it was constructed. To cross the mountain pass between Kioto and Lake Biwa heavy grading and tunneling were necessary, and these difficulties have been overcome in the most workmanlike manner. The scenery along the line is really very fine. Winding up and down pretty valleys, extensively cultivated with the tea-shrub and sheltered by rocky hills covered with lovely foliage, the train at last dashes through a tunnel and emerges near the placid blue waters of Lake Biwa, on whose very shore lies Otsu. The railway at present ends here, but a further extension is now in course of construction to Tsuruga on the west coast, distant about fifty miles from Otsu. This will be a great boon to the inhabitants of that portion of the west coast, who from want of safe, deep harbours have always been at a disadvantage with their east-coast brethren.

One of our fellow-passengers in the next second-class car spoke English really well, and introduced himself to us by presenting his card. This latter piece of foreign

etiquette has taken a remarkable hold on the polite Japanese, almost all the well-educated, richer people having their cards, with which they are very liberal.

Our friend said he had been educated at the Technical College, Tokio, and by profession was a geologist and mineralogist, living at Hikone on Lake Biwa. He showed us a thick, well-bound volume, a Japanese translation by himself from one of the English standard authors on geology, and seemed extremely proud of the work. His little valise, whose contents he, unasked, literally turned out for our inspection, contained some rich specimens of lead ore, a few rock crystals, and two or three small but very pure amethysts, all of which he had found on the hills around Lake Biwa. Many parts of Japan are believed to be very rich in precious minerals, but these resources cannot be fully developed unless the Government will consent to the introduction of foreigners to construct and work their mines, which, however, they are not very likely to do.

Otsu is a large and very prettily-situated village of 18,000 inhabitants.

We are at last in a genuine Japanese inn, must sleep and eat on the mats, and have to abide by the light of a miserable wick lantern, termed *andon*. For tea we had capital salmon trout—fresh from the lake—rice, and scrambled eggs, all purchased, cooked, and served by our invaluable Yoshi. Our room is on the first floor with a little verandah overlooking the street, from which we see a crowd of men, women, and children staring open-mouthed, with a half-apatetic, half-curious look into our apartment. They are very quiet, so I suppose we will soon get used to it.

Have been out for a few minutes surveying the streets, and when I got back found all the houses in the street so alike that I could not discern the inn, and in consequence startled the inmates of half a dozen houses before finding the right entrance.

Our passport has already been in requisition, the innkeeper being obliged to send a copy of each foreigner's passport to the police office. To obtain a passport before going into the interior, application must be made through the consul at one of the treaty

ports, stating that it is required either on account of ill-health, botanical research, or scientific investigation.

I do not remember what our plea was, but imagine it was upon the latter. A specified route and time must be given, but ours includes the provinces of Kinai, Tokaido, Tosando, and Hokkaido, practically the whole of Japan, except Kiusiu, and is available for three months. Among the forbidden acts mentioned in the passport are the following:—

“Travelling at night in a horse carriage without a lantern. Attending a fire on horseback. Driving quickly on a narrow road. Scribbling on temples, shrines, or walls. Lighting fires in woods or on hills or moors.”

Saturday, 11th June, Hikone, Lake Biwa.
—An awful lot of fleas hopped about the mats last night, but escaped them by donning our flea-dresses. At seven a.m. scrambled up a thickly-wooded hill behind the town, covered with low trees and brushwood. The latter had a very disagreeable smell and was full of spiders' webs. Multitudinous insects

filled our eyes, noses, and even mouths, to which list of plagues must be added a thorough soaking from the heavy dew with which the bushes were covered.

We thence visited the monastery of Mi-idera, situated amongst dense foliage upon the side of a hill, and reached by a long flight of stone steps. The shrines appeared to be very popular from the number of visitors, though this is most probably due to its beautiful situation and the fine view over Lake Biwa. The lake is about fifty miles by twelve, and covers about the same area as Lake Geneva. With its surrounding rocky mountains sloping almost to the shore, numerous small forest-covered islands, and erratic course, it is the prototype of Loch Lomond. According to an old legend it was formed in a single night by an earthquake simultaneously with Fuji-yama, but this must be swallowed *cum grano salis*. Numerous miniature steamers ply with passengers in every direction across the clear blue waters.

Yoshi and I made a tour of inspection through the Otsu shops, which resulted in

the purchase of Japanese smoking apparatus and tobacco, for we are determined to "do in Rome as the Romans do," and have already got a complete suit of Japanese clothes, i.e. simply a *kimono* and a sash.

Every man, woman, and child in Japan smokes. At every leisure moment the miniature pipe is taken up, filled with a morsel of their light native tobacco, and lighted at a small brazier containing hot charcoal. Half a dozen puffs serve to exhaust it; the pipe is rapped over a bamboo ash-holder, and the process repeated *ad infinitum*. A Japp always has his pipe beside him at night, and at any waking moment soothes himself off to sleep again with a smoke; consequently this rapping noise is a very common sound at night from the various parts of an inn. When either entering a shop or an inn, the first courtesy of the merchant or host is to put the *tobako-bon* box (the aforesaid charcoal brazier) where-with to light your pipe, after which tea is brought, and probably some little sweet cakes of bean flour.

Before venturing upon the clean mats of a Japanese inn or private dwelling, the boots

or sandals must always be doffed on the wooden platform which runs all round the *doma*, or covered court at the entrance. There is nothing so disgusts a Japanese inn-keeper as to see a foreigner tramp over his clean mats with his boots on. This can hardly be marvelled at, remembering that there is no furniture of any sort in the rooms, and that the inmates must both eat and sleep on the mats. It almost makes one envy the natives to see how quickly they can kick off or on their clogs on entering or leaving, while we have to undergo the laborious process of lacing or unlacing. The clog is only held to the foot by a thong, which passes between the big and first toe, being held in its place by the constant forward pressure in walking. The heel is not attached to the clog at all, the latter falling with a clatter against the pavement each time the foot is raised.

At noon we took passage in one of the small screw lake steamers to Hikone. The first-class was a tiny compartment in the bow, nicely cushioned and carpeted, of which we were the sole occupants. The second, a

matted room next to ours, contained Japps of the better class, while the third and largest cabin was filled with a crowd of coolies and their families. They all spent their time either asleep or squatting on their heels talking and smoking, and the day being hot, many of the coolies had dispensed with every particle of clothing.

We enjoyed the run immensely, sitting in the bow with our legs hanging over, inhaling the pure, delicious breeze as the little vessel darted over the placid waters, and refreshing our eyes with transient glimpses of lovely islets and sunny mountains.

Snug villages dotted the shores here and there, and numerous fields of vegetables and grain pointed to an industrious population.

An admiring complement of idle officers constantly surrounded us, all apparently intent on learning some English while they had the chance. They seemed to find the greatest difficulty in catching the pronunciation of the words, but when once they had got one right, it was immediately jotted down in a small note-book. Our attempts at pro-

nouncing *their* words were usually saluted with peals of laughter.

Most of these puny steamboats possess officers enough for a crack Cunarder. All are in European uniform, and among the crowd it is pretty difficult to distinguish the commander. One of Japan's greatest mistakes is the superabundance of idle officials who retard the work of the busy bees, and only help to clog the wheels of commerce.

The helmsmen on these little steamers know their business, however, and neater steering I never saw than when threading our way at full speed amongst the narrow passages between fishing-stakes.

In three hours we arrived off Hikone, a long, straggling town on flat ground, with well-wooded hills behind, and a white, walled castle perched on a rock above it.

We were landed in a flat-bottomed boat, crammed so full of passengers as barely to leave standing room, and took up our quarters at a clean little inn in the centre of the town, fortunately securing an upstairs room.

After dark took a stroll through the town, and along the banks of a small stream, where numerous children were catching fireflies. The streets are remarkably dark at night, only being lit by the dim glow of an occasional paper lantern.

CHAPTER V.

THE NAKASENDO—HIKONE TO MAGOME.

Long villages—People at work in rice-fields—Hard-worked women—Silkworm raising—Flowers—Tea cultivation—*Chin* dogs—Description of an inn—Qualified pleasures of bathing—Silk weaving—An *Amma*—Gifu—A fisherman—*Saké* breweries—Use of kerosine oil—Poisonous compounds—Politeness—The Kiso-gawa—A “scissor grinder”—Oi—A noble ricksha coolie.

Sunday, 12th June, Tarui, Kamemaru inn.—Rose at five a.m., breakfasted at six on rice and eggs, and after packing our baskets in Yoshi's *jinricksha*, started on our long tramp of over 300 miles to Nikko.

Took nearly twenty minutes to reach the outskirts of Hikone, whose streets seemed interminable. After a mile's walk along a flat narrow path through rice-fields, we joined the Nakasendo, or Road of the Central Mountains, the great central highway be-

tween Tokio and Kioto. At this point it is a fine broad road (for Japan, where roads usually mean only bridle-paths), lined with the tall, handsome *Cryptomeria Japonica*, and other coniferæ, besides those abominable innovations, the telegraph-posts.

Long straggling villages followed fast upon each other, like one interminable town. These villages have but the single street, and therefore when they increase it must be longitudinally.

The rural population, as in some parts of Europe, live entirely in the villages, thus wasting none of the agricultural land in dwellings. This of course conduces to increase the size of the villages, giving the appearance to a traveller on the highway of an excessive population, which has no doubt led to the exaggerated reports circulated by early foreign settlers in Japan.

In an hour we passed through Toriimoto, a village mainly devoted to the manufacture of oiled paper rain-coats, in which we both invested. Not to be behind the age, I also bought an enormous oiled paper umbrella, very heavy, but handsome, and of which I

am proud. They are used as sunshades and protectors from rain, both by adults and children. The latter are apparently towed along by their huge canopies when any wind is blowing. A superior umbrella costs about thirty *sen* or tenpence. Those little gaudy parasols sold in London as Japanese umbrellas I have not yet seen in use. The oiled paper inside the umbrella is usually ornamented with the owner's name in large Chinese characters.

A long and hard pull with the *jinricksha* up a steep pass brought us to a tea-house, where we rested for a cheering cup. The view over a deep ravine and richly cultivated plain to Lake Biwa was very pretty, even under a dull, lowering sky. After passing through Bamba, we stopped at the next village, Samegai, at eleven a.m., for a mid-day rest, having already walked ten miles in a close, damp atmosphere.

Samegai is a delightfully clean, tidy little place, with a small stream, clear as crystal, running down its centre, which is noted for flowing without diminution, both in summer and winter.

After a lunch on eggs, fish, and rice, and a short sleep, we left again at two p.m. Passed through three more large villages—Kashiwabara, Imasu, and Sekigahara, arriving at Tarui about six o'clock, very hot and tired after a day's tramp of twenty-two miles.

Much refreshed by a hot bath (about 110°), but find the inn is very poor, with nothing to be had but rice and eggs. We accordingly came down on our condensed coffee, anchovy paste, and soda biscuits, which, with the aid of the above-mentioned standard ingredients, composed a fair meal.

As usual have to write up my journal lying flat on the mats, and by the aid of a little travelling-lamp, the "*andon*" provided by the inn only serving to make "darkness visible."

Throughout our day's walk the land was mainly formed into paddy-fields, at present flooded with three inches of water, supplied from small irrigating ditches. At some distance the fields would appear to be planted with gigantic mushrooms, but on nearer inspection these proved to be the farm people

bending over their work, surmounted by their enormous, mushroom-like straw hats. On our approach work would cease, to gaze at the unwonted sight of two foreigners. Most of the villages were deserted, their inhabitants, men, women, and children (above ten years) being away in the muddy rice-fields. It says a great deal for the honesty of the people that they are not afraid to leave their houses for the whole day without lock and key or protection of any sort.

Their food is truly earned by the "sweat of the brow." Every able-bodied person from childhood upwards, irrespective of sex, lives a life of incessant toil, while children under ten are left at home to look after the babies. It is quite a common sight to see one baby carrying its smaller brother on its back, whose feet perhaps almost touch the ground.

The women work fully as hard as the men in the fields, and are, besides, often seen carrying home heavy loads of wood, pushing long and heavy trucks laden with tea, mulberry leaves, &c., along the road, or threshing wheat and millet with stout sticks. *Young* women are consequently rarely seen, child-

hood seeming to immediately forestall middle age, their features becoming very coarse and expressionless, and limbs thick and heavy. These remarks merely refer of course to the lowest class—the masses of the population, or *Heimin*.

One or two villages were devoted to silk-worm rearing. Young girls could be seen in the open work-rooms, feeding and sorting thousands of worms on mats and shallow baskets hung like hammocks from the roof. The worms require close watching night and day, and considerable experience is required in the management of their feeding on the mulberry leaves. Worms to produce yellowish cocoons must be fed on the fresh, green leaf, but for white cocoons dried leaves are necessary.

The majority of cocoons raised in Japan are shipped off to China, and form a most lucrative trade. The eggs, laid on cards, form another valuable export, partly to France and partly to China.

The tea-plant seems to be grown solely in the hilly districts, and this being the picking season, several houses in each village are

occupied by young children sorting and drying the leaves in shallow baskets. The plants are about the size of gooseberry bushes, and are grown in precise rows at a standard distance apart.

Beautiful azaleas, wild roses, and marsh mallows grow wild in profusion in the hedgerows or on the hill-sides. Occasionally we passed camellia-trees from fifteen to twenty-five feet high, but unhappily they are not now in bloom.

We were much surprised to find the wild plants and grasses on the roadsides and in the ditches so similar to those in an English country lane. Hyacinths, bluebells, sweet-scented wild roses and honeysuckle, forget-me-nots, all remind one of home, the illusion being heightened by the thrilling song of a lark soaring into the sky. Gaily-hued butterflies flitted from flower to flower, frogs croaked loudly in the marshes, occasionally a pair of eagles would hover high above us, and sometimes a snake glide with a rustle into the hedge.

For several miles the valley was a counterpart of the vale of Conway between Betws-y-

coed and Llanwrst, with its beautiful forest-clad hills, and crystal stream meandering down the centre.

But the illusion is at once dispelled by a glance along the road. A travelling merchant comes sauntering along shaded by a huge umbrella, and with his loose white *kimono*, thrown negligently back from a pair of brown shoulders. On his back is slung a *saké* gourd, shaped like the figure 8, and in his girdle are stuck the indispensable pipe-case and pouch, and portable ink-case. These, with a small hand-bag, form his total *impedimenta* for a month's journey. Should he ever get wet, the innkeeper will supply all his wants with a dry *kimono*.

Two Leipzig students I once travelled with for some distance in the Bavarian Tyrol form my ideal of travelling independence. For a three weeks' holiday their total baggage consisted of tooth-brushes, a piece of soap, and a pair of gloves between them. On an evening promenade at Innsbrück the gloves were fairly divided to their mutual satisfaction.

Our entry into a village is the scene of a lively demonstration. The cowardly, wolfish

curs are the first to notice our approach, elevate their noses suspiciously, snarl, and stare distrustfully. When the distance between us seems incompatible with safety, they put their tails between their legs and run yelping down the street like a pack of jackals. This brings the whole population to the doors, who stare and hold up their children to look at us, like the rustics in an English village at a couple of dancing bears. The bears are, however, taken into confidence by the piccaninnies, but from us they fled in sheer fright. At least a fourth of the children seem to be afflicted with the ringworm or some scrofulous disease on the head.

The village schools are ugly, modern whitewashed buildings, in unfavourable contrast with the picturesque Japp cottages.

At one cottage outside Seki-ga-hara we saw a woman carefully combing the long hair of a very pretty Japanese terrier. Being anxious to get one, I asked the price. Although the woman evidently regarded him as a pet, she only asked three yen (seven shillings), but on examination I found he was too old. These little animals are somewhat like King Charles

spaniels, and are known at home as Japanese terriers, but in reality they are Chinese. In Japan they are known by the name of *chin*. We frequently saw them on the junks in Chinese waters, but find that the pure *chin* are very difficult to obtain in Japan. They are very delicate and want very close attention in our English climate. They very rarely breed in England or America.

Monday, 13th June, 1881, Gifu.—Awoke this morning at five o'clock to find Ernest with head and shoulders buried in his linen sack, meting out sweet revenge to the little enemies of Morpheus, in which after a long and arduous chase he was successful.

Our rest last night was much disturbed. In the first place some benighted travellers came into the next room making a great noise. No sooner had all got quiet again than a chorus of wretched curs outside started a series of the most unearthly howls, apparently because the full moon had disturbed *their* slumbers. It was well for our fellow-travellers that their clogs were downstairs in the *doma*, or they might have been made very free use of.

After a breakfast on rice and eggs we started on the second day's tramp to Gifu, eighteen miles distant. The road led over a flat plain of rice-fields and mulberry plantations. A range of bold, rocky mountains about 4000 feet high, coloured pink and purple in the morning sun, filled in the background.

At eight a.m. we passed through Akasaka, a village entirely devoted to sculpturing articles out of the marbles and cornelians found in its immediate neighbourhood. It was interesting to watch the precision with which the workmen cut marble eggs, balls, and cups with the rudest of lathes. The work was done sitting on the mats; in fact, wherever possible, the Japanese workman always appears to prefer the sitting posture.

By nine o'clock the sun had become extremely powerful, so we had a perspiring tramp of six miles from Akasaka to Miyeji. The Roku-gawa, a broad, rapid river, was crossed in a flat-bottomed open boat. Our boatmen poled some hundred yards up the bank, and then pushing off into the current,

we shot down stream and were landed on a stony spit on the other side.

The inn at Miyeji was a perfect model of a Japanese inn, so I may as well describe it once for all. At the entrance is a covered space called the *doma*, whose floor is usually about two feet below the level of the rooms, i.e. level with the road. Around this and adjoining the rooms runs a narrow wooden platform, on which the clogs or boots must be removed before stepping upon the mats. The kitchen and inferior rooms always adjoin the *doma*, while the best rooms are at the back, overlooking a tiny model garden with miniature lake, bridge, and a big stone lantern. The garden is only about ten feet square, but with its rockery and dwarfed trees represents a perfect landscape. The lakelet always contains a few gold fish or carp, the latter being taken out whenever required, as delicacies for aristocratic guests.

Around the garden runs a wooden platform, on which are found the brass wash-basins every morning, at which the guests perform their toilet without any attempt at privacy.

The bath is in a little den alongside this

platform. It is a wooden tub three feet six inches deep by twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter. A small iron stove is inserted in the bottom of the tub, the pipe running up through the water to the roof. The stove is ordinarily lighted about five o'clock in the evening, and from that hour until near midnight there is a constant succession of bathers, without any change of water whatever. We, however, take care to bespeak the first "troubling of the waters," and, in return for this courtesy, must oblige the innkeeper by discarding the use of soap, which the native guests seem to highly dislike. The average temperature of the bath is about 110°, which almost boils me, so I usually order the water to be cooled down to 100°. Frequently there is no outlet for the smoke of the wood fire, and I have more than once been almost suffocated before I could get out of the den.

The stove right inside the bath is a great nuisance, for it naturally gets extremely hot, and when one incautiously sits down upon it while bathing the result is a war-whoop like a wild Indian's, and a flank movement out of the tub. "Japan for the Japanese"

is the motto of the present *régime*, and this is likewise the principle on which their baths are made. It is all I can do to squeeze inside them, and poor Ernest I have sometimes seen disconsolately sitting on the edge of the tub, the pleasures of which were to him "so near and yet so far." A hot bath after a hard day's walk is the greatest luxury one could have, though it certainly is somewhat relaxing.

The Japanese do not bathe with a view to cleanliness, but solely to enjoy the *soaking* in hot water. Even in drying themselves they do not appreciate vigorous friction, the towels being simply blue linen rags, not so large as a handkerchief, which are dabbed lightly over the body. A loose cotton *kimono* is then thrown on, in which the skin soon dries by evaporation.

The condition of the water towards the close of the evening, after a couple of dozen perspiring pilgrims have been in, certainly cannot be of much cleansing use. It occurs to me that if vigorous friction and clean water were more in vogue, there would not be more than one-fourth of the present

numerous victims to scrofulous diseases in Japan

Speaking roughly, a Japanese house consists of nothing but a roof supported by upright wooden posts at various distances apart. The floors stand about two feet above the ground, and are formed of mats six feet by three, and three inches thick, which are let into wooden frames. Each mat is supposed to accommodate one person, the size of a room being known by so many mats, the latter never varying in size. To divide the house into rooms, sliding *shoji* of translucent paper and the heavier *fusuma* are put up in grooves between the upright posts. By removing the *fusuma* on one side two small rooms are transformed into one large room, and in hot weather the whole of the *shoji* and *fusuma* are often removed, leaving the interior visible from end to end.

The best rooms in an inn always have a solid wall, in which there is a recess, and a raised dais of polished wood, which is supposed to be the post of honour. Above this hangs a *kakimono*, or hanging picture, with birds or flowers very neatly painted on silk

or paper. The *fusuma* are almost always ornamented with grotesque sketches of storks or landscapes, with Fuji-yama in the background, or with proverbs, legends or myths in their, to us, illegible characters. Everything is ornamented, even the lacquered wood trays and bowls in which our food is brought.

The kitchen fire is built on a square space between the mats, paved, I believe, with either cement or stone. It is generally in the centre of the room, the wood smoke finding its way up to and out of the roof as best it can. A big hook is suspended over the fire by a chain from one of the rafters, and from it is hung the cauldron for boiling the fish or rice.

An inn can always be distinguished from its neighbouring houses by the number of gilt signs hanging outside, and besides these some of the older inns have large numbers of little, old cloth banners suspended over the street by bamboo poles. These strips of cloth are ornamented with the names and crests of *daimio*, who, on journeys with their retainers in the good old days, had patronized the inn. The old inns seem to

rely more on the virtue of the banners than on their cleanliness. Such are the temptations offered to the weary traveller by mine host of Miyeji, as nearly as I can describe them.

From Miyeji the road is perfectly level, and at Godo crosses the river Nagara-gawa by a long wooden bridge with a toll at one end. Godo is the centre of a large silk-producing district, and in every cottage we saw spindles and weaving machines, the latter being worked with the feet like a lathe. Near Godo we branched off from the Nakasendo, taking a narrow bye-path amongst the rice-fields to Gifu, a few miles off the highway. Arrived about five o'clock, after a hot day's tramp, during which we patronized a large number of tea-houses, for the "cup that cheers," &c.

As soon as we had got comfortably settled in an upstairs room, Yoshi and I went out foraging, returning triumphant with a bottle of beer (Bass, according to the label), and a few other small luxuries, such as sugar of lemons, magnesia, &c. Besides these we have managed to rig up a table and two

chairs in our room, so, in the face of such comforts, have determined to spend all to-morrow here.

After supper the *amma*, or shampooer, kneaded and thumped our tired muscles and sinews into their normal positions again. The *amma* is much in request in all villages, both by travellers after a long day's tramp, and by the *jinricksha* coolies. This vocation is usually confined to blind men, whose small reed whistle one often hears up to midnight, as they patrol the streets in search of customers. They seem to have a remarkable knowledge of the human muscles, for, although they make your bones crackle like sticks, and pummel your back till the blows sound again, you hardly feel it.

Tuesday, 14th June, Gifu.—Have spent a very lazy day, strolling around the town and writing letters home. Have drunk a great deal too much water from the deliciously cool well in the courtyard, and feel its effects. Mosquitoes are numerous and hungry, but we are protected from their assaults at night by a large, coarse muslin

tent supplied by our host, and hung from the four corners of the room.

Had capital salmon trout both for dinner and supper, caught in the Nagara-gawa—a very welcome change to the rice and egg diet of the past few days. The Nagara-gawa, where it passes Gifu, is about a hundred yards broad, and apparently very deep. It forms an important duct for the products of Gifu to the coast, being, we are told, navigable for junks of light draft.

I was down by the riverside this morning, watching with interest the celerity with which a native disciple of Isaac Walton whipped into his fishing-bag some small fish about the size of smelts. His tackle was a short light bamboo rod, with fine gut line, and a tiny black fly (artificial), and with these he brought out a fish at almost every cast. He was standing up to his thighs in the water, but did not require wading stockings, his sole clothing being the above-mentioned fishing-bag and a straw hat.

Gifu has a population of 11,000, is of considerable commercial importance, and capital of the provinces of Mino and Hida. Being

the centre of a large silk-producing district, it manufactures a great quantity of silk crape, and the mixed silk and cotton cloths worn by the richer classes.

The *saké* breweries, however, seem to be the most lucrative concerns, judging from their substantial, handsome buildings. "Good wine needs no bush," but *saké* evidently does, a round bush being suspended from the portal of every *saké* brewery. The coincidence between the Japanese and our old English custom is curious.

There are two or three shops where a heterogeneous collection of so-called European goods is kept in stock. The labels on the shelves proclaim Bass's ale, St. Julien and St. Estephe claret, Cross and Blackwell's compressed meat, Preston's sugar of lemons, &c. A number of kerosene lamps, made in Tokio on the foreign pattern, are always in stock, that oil being now in demand throughout the length and breadth of the land.¹

¹ Since the above was written the Government, owing to numerous disastrous fires amongst the inflammable wood houses, has raised the test for kerosene from 100° to 120° burning point.

The importation rose in amount from a gross sum of \$300,000 in 1874 to \$2,200,000 in 1879, notwithstanding a considerable fall in value. The introduction of the oil is a great boon to the nation at large, granting to both the artisan and the upper classes a good light by which to spend their evenings profitably, physically or mentally, instead of wasting their time in idle gossip, or *go-ban*, by the wretched light of the *andon*.

The beer, with Bass's triangular label, I bought yesterday, has turned out a complete fraud. It was evidently of native brew, and contained a superabundance of malt, and some bitter substitute for hops. The label was so cleverly executed that even on close inspection no fault was discernible. The bottle labelled "citrate of magnesia" apparently contained a very fair sample of sodium chloride, or common salt, but made an abortive attempt to effervesce in water. Inside a tin labelled "Fresh preserved beef," made up in Kofu, we found a white paste of bean flour and *saké*, in the centre of which was imbedded a morsel of gristly, half-putrid flesh, whether beef, mutton, or horseflesh, we

could not decide. But there's a good time coming; *experientia, triste experientia docet!*

Ernest presented our host's wife with a gorgeous, red cotton handkerchief, which seemed to please the little lady immensely, the pair coming to our room and bowing their heads down to the mats several times. The Japps are wonderfully polite. The little children bow to us as we pass through the villages, if not too scared; the innkeeper gives several low bows on our arrival, and never enters or leaves the room without prostrating himself on the mats. A police officer speaking to a civilian is generally listened to with the head bowed low, deferentially.

Wednesday, June 15th, 1881, Ota.—Up this morning at five o'clock and started at a quarter to seven. In thirty-five minutes we regained the Nakasendo at Kano, the road thence pursuing a course over a perfectly level plain, and then across a moorland planted with young firs and pines. The sweet scent of gardenias and wild roses accompanied us. Reached Unuma (thirteen miles from Gifu) at 10.15, where we stopped

for tiffin and a rest. The village is situated on the side of a hill overlooking a pretty highly cultivated valley backed by a range of low hills.

We were delayed here by a heavy shower of rain until 3.30, much to the profit of a swarm of pugnacious ants whose nest happened to be immediately beneath our room.

Knowing the road before us to be difficult, we hired an extra coolie to help Yoshi with his *jinricksha*. First climbed a high pass, on whose summit in crater-like basins lay the transparent, emerald waters of two deep lakelets. Thence the path led down a beautiful cañon, filled with the most luxuriant foliage, from amongst which peeped forth handsome tiger lilies and scarlet azaleas.

At the foot flowed the deep, rapid Kiso-gawa, a dark handsome stream, lost to sight a little lower down, where it entered a narrow gorge overhung by tall crags. Though having a course of only 120 miles, it is one of the longest streams in Japan, and carries to the sea nearly the same volume of water as the Thames. The Nakasendo follows its valley

almost to its source, so we shall not part company for several days. The path leading along the bank was at one spot interrupted by the effects of some heavy mountain flood, which had wrecked the bridge over a small tributary and washed away the road on either side. The latter had been temporarily repaired with rough stones, and where the bridge had stood Ernest and I crossed over on two shaky planks. The *jinricksha*, however, had to be taken down the rough bank, ford the stream, and with great labour hauled up the other side, the whole operation placing our baggage in considerable jeopardy.

A small village lay near this spot where a ferry crosses the Kiso-gawa, but our path continued along its banks under a thick canopy of pines, until arriving at Ota—at 5.15,—where we pass the night. Before reaching shelter it commenced to rain heavily, and for the first time we donned our paper rain-coats, but found them useless against the elements, and tramped into the muddy street of Ota completely drenched. We have laid our soaked clothes across the charcoal brazier in the vain hope of drying

them, and are attired in the loose, comfortable *kimono*, which we always wear in the inns. This is a comfortable little inn, with not so many fleas foraging about as usual.

The *amma*, an old boy about seventy, squeezed and pounded our muscles to the consistency of jelly.

Thursday, June 16th, 1881, Hosokute.—Rain, rain, rain, all day with a rising wind, and the roads have consequently been transformed into perfect quagmires, especially in the villages.

Left Ota at seven a.m. with an extra coolie. Path abominably rocky and sandy for about a mile, when we reached a ferry to cross the Kiso, which had become swollen and dangerous with the rains. Its high rocky banks were covered with trees, and serrated and grooved along their faces with the floods of ages. The *jinricksha* was a considerable source of trouble getting on board the flat-bottomed boat, and hauling up the steep bank on the opposite side. As usual our men propelled the boat by poling some distance up the one bank, and then

allowing the current to shoot the boat in a slanting direction across.

The fares for us and our baggage across were eight *sen* or about twopence-halfpenny.

After passing through the large village of Fushimi we reached Mitake for tiffin at 10.30. Our rain cloaks again failed to keep out the drenching rain, both of us being soaked to the skin and unable to dry our clothes at the wretched *hibashi*. Drove the cold out, however, with a stiff glass of *saké* punch, of which we claim to be sole inventors.

After vainly waiting until two o'clock for some cessation in the rain, determined to push on. The ascent of a high mountain pass soon commenced, which took fully one-and-a-half hours to cross, and was terribly hard work for the *jinricksha* coolies. Met numerous vicious, bony pack-horses with weak hind-quarters and general tendency to wipe their hoofs on our coats. Numbers of large, dark purple butterflies flitted about the sheltered spots on the pass, handsome azaleas and a few wild poppies appeared here and there, while wild roses and tiger lilies

flourished everywhere on the hill sides. The view from the summit over broad, interminable ranges of wooded hills brought back to memory the lovely forest of Thuringia. Deep down in the valleys could be seen the white, mushroom hats of the industrious Japps "puddling" among their rice-fields, though it had to be taken on faith that the aforesaid industrious Japps *were* beneath the hats. It is astonishing how carefully they shield themselves from rain, when they have little else than their own brown hides to wet. When working or walking in the hot sun they often protect themselves with precisely the same straw rain coats and hats.

At the foot of the pass arrived at Hosokute at 5.30, after the hardest day's walk we have yet experienced, owing to the swampy roads and close, damp atmosphere. This village is evidently largely engaged in the production of silk; every house, including our inn, having baskets full of silkworms feeding in the front rooms.

Friday, June 17th, Okute.—The elements seem to be conspiring against us white

mortals, for it has again poured all day. Awoke this morning as usual at five o'clock only to hear Ernest sleepily growl, "I say, Arthur, it's sluicing again like anything." So we mutually expressed our feelings about the clerk of the weather, turned over and went to sleep again until eight o'clock.

Spent all morning indoors in the hope of a cessation in the storm, but at last made a start for Oi at two p.m. The path led up and down a series of hills, known as the *Biwa toge*, whence we should have obtained some fine views in clear weather, but to-day everything was hidden in a watery shroud. Now and then we would get a peep through a break in the mist, upon high rugged peaks in the distance. The rain came down in torrents, turning the paths into mountain streams, and drenching us through and through.

We had only engaged our extra coolie to go as far as Okute, and as he would not go an inch further, we attempted to procure another, but could not persuade one for love or money to go on to Oi on account of the

rain and bad roads. Were therefore reluctantly compelled to put up at a small hostelry in this dirty little village, and to employ the evening in fruitless efforts to dry our clothes.

Saturday, June 18th, Magome.— This morning broke watery again, but by the time we left Okute at seven o'clock the rain had ceased, the clouds gradually rolled away, and at eight clock it was a bright sunny day. The road to Oi (eight miles) led over a continuous succession of hills known as the *Jiu-san toge* or thirteen passes, taking a very erratic course, rounding curves, crossing streams and rarely conducting itself in a straightforward manner. Though fatiguing, it was nevertheless a most enjoyable tramp in the cool morning air. The mists gradually melted away from the mountains and rolled up the valleys, revealing ever-changing vistas, as we rounded each spur of the hills. The valleys below were marked off by the rice-fields like a chess-board into square patches, the mountains beyond high, bold, and rocky, while the hills and glens crossed by the path were all thickly wooded with spruce and fir

saplings. For some distance we walked along an avenue of old pines, merging occasionally into a grove of *cryptomeria* enclosing some small shrine. Anon from the depths of a pine came forth the earsplitting whirrings and gurlings of the *cicada* or "scissor-grinder," an insect somewhat like a large cockchafer, and deriving the name from its horrible song. They may sometimes be heard in a wood a quarter of a mile distant, which will give some idea of the nuisance they are when right over one's head. It is impossible to find and exterminate them. They lie flat up against the bark, and you might stare at one for ten minutes without distinguishing it. They abound in all the tropical forests of the East, but I had vainly hoped to have heard the last of them in Singapore, where their hum is so incessant that old residents do not even hear them.

Oi, a large village away down in the valley we reached at 9.30, after a quick walk of two and a half hours from Okute. Rested at an inn for a few minutes to refresh ourselves with hot saké, sending Yoshi in the meantime to hunt up another coolie. The

coolie agency could not provide one, the men all being engaged on contract with the farmers to transplant the young rice shoots, but luckily we picked one up at a small cottage on the outskirts of the village. It was fortunate we procured him, the roads being swampy and very steep for the next two miles. Occasionally obtained views of the lofty snow-capped peaks of On-take (10,000 feet) and Komaga-take, which we are approaching.

Halted for midday rest at Nakatsugawa, after a morning's walk of fifteen miles, and have not only found a comfortable inn, but also a bottle of Bass, or rather the Japp counterfeit for it.

Started again at four o'clock, giving Yoshi instructions to follow later on with the *jinricksha*. We were unable to engage a fresh coolie for the high Magome pass; but a handsome, supple young fellow, who had just arrived with his *jinricksha*, agreed to do the work after half an hour's rest. First climbed a hill and then descended at a steep gradient to the village of Ochiai (two miles), where the road crossed a rapid stream issuing

from a dark, thickly-wooded gorge. Thence began the long fatiguing ascent of three miles up the *Jikoku-toge* (or pass of the ten turnings) to Magome. This village is perched almost on top of the pass, the whole face of the hill below being cut into terraces of rice-fields, which are irrigated by two or three brooks running from some springs above the village. A rice-field must, of course, be perfectly level to contain an uniform depth of water, out of which the young shoots grow. The labour of terracing and ditching this hill down to the valley, 1000 ft. below, must have been enormous, and in few other countries could it ever be repaid.

Deep down in the valley the rapid Kiso-gawa pursues its sinuous course amid a forest of maples and oaks. Range upon range of bold, lofty mountains fill up the background of a landscape worthy the brush of Turner.

Yoshi and the coolie had terrible work hauling the heavily-freighted *jinricksha* up the steep pass, both arriving pale and utterly exhausted. The young coolie was the handsomest Japanese I ever saw; his features

more regular than even the average European's, in fact almost classical, and a figure lithe and beautifully modelled. He had a haughty demeanour and proud bearing—two remarkable traits for a Japanese coolie, who is usually servile in the extreme. I felt an intense sympathy for the young fellow, who had apparently only recently entered upon the ceaseless, killing toil of a *jinricksha* coolie, and whose associates would be in vice and crime the very scum of the land. I would have given a great deal to have learnt his history, but had to be content with an evening spent in mentally weaving out the fabric of a romance in which he was the son of a reduced *daimio*, driven, as many in reality have been, to the last resource of *jinricksha* pulling.

But my position, lying flat on the mats writing up this journal is getting too uncomfortable for idle romancing, so I will lay myself down beside our little garden, ruminate, smoke, and listen to the music of the big water-wheel in the quiet twilight.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NAKASENDO (CONTINUED)—MAGOME TO SHIMA-NO-SUWA.

Sunday in the interior—Troubles with extra coolies—
Pretty valley of Kiso-gawa—A police requisition—
Vicious pack-horses—An ancient fowl—Japanese
bantams—Ascent of On-take—Torii-toge—Pil-
grims—Sakurazawa—Shiwojiri Pass—Shima-no-
Suwa Lake.

Sunday, 19th June, 1881, Suwara.—Circumstances alter cases, and in no respect more than in the observance of the Sabbath in the interior. With the natives, of course, each day demands the same unremitting toil the week round, and were it not for our diaries, *we* should not know one day from another by any outward sign. There are no services of any description to attend, no grassy meadows on which to repose, communing with nature or reading,—

“Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.”

Rather than spend a monotonous, profitless day lying on the mats in our inn, we pushed on for Suwara, eighteen miles distant, and have experienced a hard but interesting day's tramp.

Neither for love nor money could we obtain a coolie to help Yoshi with his *jin-ricksha* over the high passes beyond Magome. The only volunteer presenting himself was a seedy old fellow who acted as the village *amma*, but he would not agree to go farther than the top of the first pass. His mode of helping was certainly original if other good qualities were absent. He merely walked behind, hanging on to the cover of the *'ricksha*, chatting meanwhile with the village maidens as they passed, and always wearing a self-satisfied look, while poor Yoshi toiled unaided up the steep path. The *amma* was speedily discharged with a few compliments in lieu of wages.

A second pass, which immediately followed on the first, was very high, and gave a

glorious view from the summit; but I can never forget the awful work pushing that *jinricksha* up. At the steepest portion, half a mile in length, we harnessed two old ladies on in front, and though they did nothing but chat and laugh, the rest of us managed to push the heavy load up somehow or other. On dismissing our pair of amazons, the good souls were delighted by our congratulations on their efforts (?).

As far as Mitono the road was a constant succession of ascents and descents, so instead of enjoying the scenery, Ernest and I were obliged to work like cart-horses, all for lack of a coolie. At any other season than this, coolies would be plentiful, but at present they are all busily engaged in transplanting the young rice, for which they are under contract with the farmers.

On one side of the pass beyond Mitono an enormous landslip had occurred, hurling immense blocks of granite into the stream below, and crushing a forest in its disastrous course. It is said to have taken place about sixteen years ago after a violent rain-storm, and to have carried away many

houses, though singularly no lives were lost.

Near this spot the road crossed a lovely ravine shaded by tall, dark pines, under which a wooden canopy and seat were railed in, within which the Mikado had rested a few minutes on a journey over the Nakasendo last year!

At Mitono (eight miles) we took tiffin in the *doma* of a tea-house, and were greatly relieved to find a coolie, returning with his *jinricksha* to Suwara, willing to take half our baggage.

The scenery on the latter part of the road was lovely. It ran along the valley of the Kiso-gawa, crossing occasionally deep gullies and ravines. The foliage in the valley and clothing the mountain slopes was of the most gorgeous description, the trees being mainly oaks, maples, and beeches. When autumn's crimson hues tinge the leaves, the scene must resemble the mythical fairyland.

The rough wooden cottages, with their broad, overhanging shingle roofs, weighted with big stones, remarkably resembled Swiss *châlets* at a distance. In fact, the whole

scene of meadows, châteaux, forest, and stream brought back old memories of the Brienz pass. Deep, gloomy gulches separated the hills, which here and there seemed nigh rent asunder by disastrous landslips. Towering above the heights at the head of the valley stood Komaga-take (or "mountain of the little horse"), over 9000 feet high, and so named on account of a rock on the summit, supposed to bear some resemblance to that animal. More imagination than I can command is necessary to distinguish the similitude.

At one bend in the road I unpacked the photographic apparatus to take a view of the valley. Considerable difficulty was experienced in preventing the wondering crowd of natives, clothed only in straw hats, from monopolizing the whole focus of the lens.

Before reaching Suwara we passed through a village named Nojiri, in whose neighbourhood bears are caught for the sake of their grease and livers, which are held in high estimation by the native doctors.

Arrived at Suwara about seven o'clock, quite tired out, and Ernest being lame with

a slightly sprained knee. But our troubles were not so soon ended. Being the centre of a great silkworm-rearing district, every spare room in the village is filled with the worms, either feeding in flat baskets or spinning in wisps of straw. All the inns but two very small ones were thus occupied, and the latter having plenty of native guests, refused to receive us. We accordingly went to the Kencho's office, sent in our passports, and were soon accompanied by a puny, polite official to one of the inns, whose host he ordered to receive us. The latter obeyed with as smiling a face as though prompted by his own free will, and we were apportioned as usual the best room, displacing therefrom a happy circle of Japp travellers.

This village in appearance might belong to Switzerland were it not for its nut-brown, nude inhabitants, who are now, with their children, gossiping in the single street, enjoying a rest in the cool of the twilight after their hot day's work. A rippling crystal brook runs down the centre of the street, a never-failing source of cleanliness and health. It is crossed here and there by little stone

bridges, and supplies a few tanks, to which girls are constantly running with wood buckets wherewith to supply the evening tub. Everybody seems to be utilizing the brook for something or other.

The apparent sociability and happiness of this little community is quite a pleasure to see. While waiting outside the Kencho's house, the whole of the children gathered around us, laughing, chasing each other, and playing the same infantile pranks our little ones at home are so fond of. This spirit of fun was rather a surprise to us, as the generality of children we have so far seen in Japan were grave, old-fashioned little things, quite above any mischief. Many of the little girls had babies on their backs, sometimes almost as large as themselves, though in this instance it did not prevent them from indulging in a game very like "tick."

Monday, 20th June, 1881, Fukushima.—To our disgust it commenced to rain heavily last night and continued the whole morning. After vainly waiting for its cessation, we left Suwara at 10.15 for Agematsu, having first,

however, required our landlord to digest a portion of his bill, in which, on the strength of the police requisition, he had grievously overcharged.

Our road still led along the Kiso valley, the scenery becoming, if possible, grander, but all distant views were veiled in the Scotch mist.

Passing a group of four pack-horses with their *mago*, one of the animals turned suddenly round and lashed out at me. Luckily one of the coolies happened to get in the way, and received the full benefit on his legs, but having no "inexpressibles" to spoil, no damage was done beyond what might be removed by vigorous friction.

Shortly before reaching Agematsu, we turned off the road to the monastery of Rinzen-ji, situated immediately above the river, which at this point rushes through a deep, narrow gorge, hemmed in by bold precipices. The hills around are covered with the most splendid foliage, and the spot has a singular enchantment in its beauty, considerably influenced by the suppressed roar of the river beneath.

Agematsu, a village of considerable size, lies in a sheltered valley, cultivated principally with the mulberry-tree. Here we took tiffin, and in the afternoon walked on to Fukushima, another six miles.

Fukushima (2800 inhabitants) is, excepting Takasaki and Otsu, the only town on the Nakasendo containing more than the one street. It has a very pleasing situation in a broad, fertile valley, sheltered by lofty hills. The Kiso-gawa runs through the centre of the town, and is crossed by two or three substantial bridges. We have found a capital inn, and our appetites for supper, at no time very small, increased rapidly on intelligence arriving that a chicken (?) could be obtained. Yoshi was at once authorized to complete the purchase for seventy-five sen. The bird was brought to us half an hour later, soaking wet, and on inquiring the cause, learned that the owner had surreptitiously drowned the hapless bird in the river that his friends might not know he was guilty of its death! The fowl must, however, have been of long experience and on the verge of death, for what flesh it had was little better than leather.

Partly owing to the Buddhist creed, which discountenances the shedding of blood, and partly to their kindly natures, the Japps (excluding those demoralized by contact with Europeans) will seldom part with their fowls, if to be killed, though they do not mind robbing them of their eggs. They are usually the family pets, and allowed to strut about the matted rooms at their own sweet will, but are well trained and very polite little birds. About the purity of breed their owners are most particular. Most of the fowls I have seen are of a fancy bantam breed, very handsome birds, kept spotlessly clean by one of the women of the house, who washes and smooths down their feathers, as carefully as though combing a pet lap-dog. We frequently see them being attended to in this respect.

The cock is a proud, saucy little bird, as such an important member of the family ought to be. His roosting-place is specially made for him up in the thatch on top of the house. He is the family timepiece, being trained to lift up his voice at fixed times.

The eggs we usually buy at twenty-four

sen (7*d.*) per dozen, about double the price, I suspect, that native travellers pay.

Our speculation in this particular old hen is a source of sincere disappointment, as we have not tasted a bite of fresh meat since leaving Kioto ten days ago. As I intend starting, with Yoshi, before daybreak tomorrow on the ascent of On-take, I have put its petrified legs into the provision bag, trusting that mountaineering will sharpen the teeth.

On-take is an extinct volcano, 10,000 feet high, and one of the sacred mountains of Japan resorted to by Shinto pilgrims.

Tuesday, 21st June, Fukushima.—The ascent of Ontake has proved a signal failure.

Yoshi and I rose at two a.m., dressed by the dim light of the *andon*, and started at 2.45 for Kurozawa, six miles distant, whence the ascent is usually made. Although the moon shone brightly, Yoshi carried a paper lantern to show the path in shady spots, until day began to dawn, when he left it at a small hut.

Amongst the numerous diverging paths the correct one to Kurozawa was often diffi-

cult to find, so Yoshi occasionally knocked loudly at the *amado* (outside wooden shutters) of a cottage to ask if we were on the right track. Although this probably awakened all the sleeping inmates, he invariably received a civil answer.

The path to Kurozawa occupied nearly two hours' fast walking. It led continually up and down ravines, valleys, and steep passes, but faintly visible owing to the dim light of early dawn, and the heavy mists rolling up the valleys.

Kurozawa, a hamlet of half-a-dozen cottages, lies in a valley at the foot of an extremely steep pass. Arriving there at 4.30, we sat down outside a tea-house, and ate a frugal breakfast of hard-boiled eggs, biscuits, and coffee, all brought from Fukushima. The interior of the house was filthy dirty, and the family, who were at their breakfast, were little better. They seemed quite a different type of people from those in more civilized regions, being very dark-skinned, uncouth, and slovenly dressed.

Started again at 5.30, crossed a swift, clear river, and followed a gradually ascending

path past a shrine and through woods and pretty rustic scenery. We lost half an hour by taking a wrong path, but Yoshi found a lad from he was able to learn enough to set us right again. He said that the young fellow spoke such a peculiar dialect as to be almost unintelligible. The path for some distance was rough and muddy. In about an hour we entered a valley clothed in the loveliest arborescence, and from its sides rippled sparkling burns, clear as crystal and cold as ice, hastening to join the torrent below. From this valley the view over the fertile slope we had just left was very beautiful. It was a country landscape, quite different from anything I had before seen in Japan. Instead of populous villages, only a farmhouse here and there could be discerned, whilst in lieu of the usual rice-fields, the greater portion of the land consisted of grassy meadows and slopes, where bands of semi-wild Shinshiu ponies grazed and roamed.

Before us the valley ran for some distance up the slope of On-take, and at last branched off into three deep ravines. Above this

towered the mountain's jagged ridge, the red, lava-covered sides variegated with patches of snow, dazzling white in the bright morning sun.

Crossing the valley we ascended to the dilapidated Matsuwo shelter-hut (six and a half miles from Kurozawa), situated in a secluded spot overlooking the deep, dark green gulches branching from the main valley. Two or three high waterfalls, whose white foam was just visible through the foliage in the gullies, roared solemnly—the only sound to break the stillness. The landscape of valleys, ravines and mountains, forests and grassy meadows, under a cloudless sky, enhanced by a distant blue mist, defies all description. The whole scene approached my early conceptions of fairyland, and a spot so full of dreamy beauty, undisturbed by the hand of man, I never before saw. I lay meditating upon the transfiguration it would assume at some future date, when the iron steed would overrun the country with tourists, and huge hotel-barracks would arise to dispel for ever the charms of solitude. Many years may elapse before this takes

place, but the time will surely come when Japan's old highways will be supplanted by a network of railroads.

We started again from the Matsuwo hut at 7.15, and commenced a heavy climb up a long ridge, without the least shelter from the burning sun, which beat mercilessly upon our backs. The path was composed of lumps of lava and cinders, affording very insecure footing. The hill-sides were covered with a dense mass of ferns, amongst which were many varieties of flowers, some of which I had never before seen. This would be a paradise to a botanist. Numbers of pink azaleas were in full bloom at a height of 6000 feet.

After a hot, timesome climb of an hour and a half, we entered a thick wood of birches and pine-trees. A "corduroy" path over rough slippery logs led through the wood, becoming most fatiguing in the close, damp atmosphere of a dense cloud which had now settled on the mountain. It seemed quite useless to tramp on through this cloud, without any prospect whatever of obtaining a view when the summit was reached. Moreover, I felt quite ill from the effect of the hot

sun when climbing the ridge, and therefore determined to return, because even if we *did* reach the summit, I might not have strength for the twenty-five mile tramp back to Fukushima. The fact was that the distance was too great for one day's work. Had I followed out my intention of climbing the mountain and returning to Fukushima the same evening, it would have involved a tramp of more than forty-five miles of continuous ascents and descents—rather beyond my capacities.

Had Kurozawa contained any inn where a foreigner might rely on accommodation, I should have made that the starting-point, and thus have saved the laborious walk of twelve miles from and to Fukushima.

I can never forget the hard tramp back to Fukushima under the burning sun. Although the ascent over the rough path was bad, the descent was much more tiring. Kurowaza we reached at one o'clock, but we passed straight through, and climbed the high pass above it, where we rested to enjoy the lovely view. To the west the form of On-take, the summit still shrouded by a dense cloud,

towered above all else, quite dwarfing its lofty neighbours. Deep in the valley below meandered a river, on whose banks lay the little hamlet of Kurozawa. To the east a long succession of wooded ravines and mountains culminated in the bold rugged ridge of Komaga-take, in height the rival of On-take.

Near the summit of this pass, I trod on a big snake about three and a half feet long, marked somewhat like a rattlesnake. Struck hard at him with my stick, but he was too quick, and disappeared in the grass.

Thence to Fukushima the path led through several very beautiful ravines, in some of which wood-cutters were at work. Arrived at Fukushima about three p.m., aching in every bone and completely exhausted, having accomplished thirty-one miles in ten and a half hours, deducting stoppages. Was much refreshed by a hot bath, and the services of an *amma*. Found Ernest had been writing letters and collecting teapots all day.

Concerning the summit of On-take, Mr. Satow, quoting Dr. J. J. Rein, says,—

“On-take is a long ridge running north and south, on the summit of which are eight

larger and eight smaller craters. Six of the former lie in a row along the ridge, while the other two are situated on the north-west side towards Hida. They are more or less circular in form, from 800 to 1000 mètres (2624 to 3280 feet) in circumference, and, with one exception, have no great depth. Their walls have fallen in, in many places, and access to most of them is thereby facilitated. Their relative age can be easily recognized by the weathering of the doleritic lava, but still better by the manner in which vegetation has planted itself in them and their sunken walls. Thus the most northerly crater, which now contains a tarn, and whose sides offer a rich harvest to the botanist, seems to be the oldest. . . . Far below springs a brook, close to which rises up the sulphurous steam of a solfatara. No eruption of On-take, however, seems to have taken place in historical times.

“ The view from the summit includes Haku-san, 65° N.W. on the opposite side of the province of Hida, more to the right, and northwards the peninsula of Noto, and still further to the right a whole row of mighty

peaks, showing even late in July many traces of snow. The first of them is Tate-yama, 5° N.W., and many peaks of apparently equal height belonging to the Hida-Shinshiu range of snow mountains. . . . In the distant north-east we perceive the smoke rising above Asama-yama, as well as the whole chain to which that active volcano belongs. Fuji also appears 63° S.E., very clear but not so imposing as Asama-yama."

Wednesday, 22nd June, Sakurazawa. — Rose at five a.m. and left Fukushima at 6.45, not much the worse for yesterday's adventures.

As far as Yagohara, where we stopped at ten o'clock for tiffin, the road was capital and led through very pretty scenery along the Kiso valley. From the top of a pass we obtained a fine view of Komaga-take, whose giant form guards the peaceful valley with imposing grandeur.

The day being hot, Ernest caught large numbers of butterflies of many different species. Startled a dark-coloured snake about four feet long, whose back I broke with a stick, tumbling him into the river below, and shortly

after almost trod on another, which escaped. The natives seem to detest snakes, but I have never seen them attempt to kill one, which may account for the numbers along the road sides. It is said that they are all harmless, but if so why should Yoshi almost upset his *jinricksha* with fright when he suddenly comes upon one? I feel sure, from the shape of the head and markings, that a snake I struck at to-day was an adder.

Yagohara seemed to be composed of nothing but shops for the sale of wooden combs.

We left again at 3.20 with two extra coolies for the high pass of Torii-toge (4200 feet above sea-level). The ascent commenced immediately outside the village, winding in zigzags up to a large white *torii* on the summit. It was a laborious climb in the hot sun, but we were rewarded with a grand view of Komaga-take and the snowy summit of On-take, with the broad valley of the Kiso-gawa immediately below; to which latter, after a week's companionship, we must now say "*sayonara*." The white *torii* is dedicated to On-take, which we noticed several pilgrims worshipping.

It appears to me that it is merely the awe inspired within a people instinctively ardent lovers of the beautiful in nature, by these grand, majestic peaks, which prompts the belief that they are the resting-places of the gods.

The long descent to Narai was sheltered by a forest of oaks, chestnuts, and maples. In one spot the path was completely washed away by recent floods, and it was with great difficulty that the *jinricksha* was hauled over the two narrow planks crossing the fissure. Met numerous bands of pilgrims bound for Fukushima and On-take. They travel in bands of from five to twenty, men, women, and children, probably all belonging to one clan, or at all events to one village. Their pace is extremely slow, and their daily journey short, a pilgrimage of a couple of hundred miles occupying more than a fortnight. Every band chooses one of their number to act as cashier and courier, who treats for all lodging, food, &c., and is distinguished by carrying a small bell, whose tinkling announces their approach. The dress of both sexes is a loose white cotton tunic, open at the chest, but

fastened at the waist by a girdle. The legs are swaddled in cloth of the same material, and the feet are clothed in blue stockings, and protected by either straw sandals or clogs. The whole costume is light and most suitable for pedestrianism, the limbs having a perfectly free motion, and should the body become too hot, the tunic has only to be dropped to the waist. Excepting the difference in height, and the latter's ugliness, it is difficult to distinguish old men from old women.

No baggage is carried, the innkeepers supplying every necessary, even to clean *kimono*. When the weather is neither hot nor rainy they carry their enormous straw hats on their backs, looking something like shields, and the huge oiled paper umbrella is also an important personal adjunct. Around the neck is suspended a charm hidden in the folds of the tunic, and in the girdle are stuck various little articles, such as pipe-case and pouch, pen and ink, and tiny medicine cases, &c. The *saké* gourd is either hung from the girdle or on the back.

Frequently we see decrepit old men and

women helped slowly along by their children, determined to ascend their sacred mountain or visit some holy shrine ere death calls them, even though the accomplishment of their ambition but drives one more nail in the coffin.

Amongst the numerous shrines and sacred mountains in Japan, the following are the best known to tourists, and probably the most resorted to by pilgrims:—The shrines of Ise, Nara, and Nikko, and mounts Fuji-san, Nan-tai-zan, and On-take.

From Narai to Sakurazawa we followed the bed of a beautiful, fertile valley, cultivated chiefly with rice and mulberry-trees, and hemmed in by hills wooded to their very summits. Passed through the large village of Hirasawa, where coarse lacquer is manufactured, and arrived about sunset at Sakurazawa. The latter is a collection of two or three large inns situated in a narrow, wooded ravine, and overhanging a swift torrent.

We selected the Fuji-ya inn, the most comfortable we have yet found on our rambles, and absolutely without any fleas to disturb our slumbers. The Mikado stayed here a

year ago, and the innkeeper takes care to let his guests know it. According to a notice in large Japanese characters, we are occupying the very same room and squatting on the selfsame mats patronized by the direct descendant of the Sun goddess.

This is the centre of one of the finest hunting-grounds of Japan, and each innkeeper has a collection of deer and bear skins, horns, &c., on sale. I bought a wild cat's skin and a small pair of *nigou* (Japanese ibex) horns. Our host showed us a magnificent black bearskin, for which he only asked fifteen yen (35s.), but it is much too bulky for our small conveyance.

I was much disgusted this evening on opening the seat of the *jinricksha* to find my light-tight plate-box totally destroyed, thus ruining all further hopes of photography before reaching Yokohama again. The damage must have been caused by the wet while travelling in rainy weather, fording rivers, &c., and the box must afterwards have got broken with the heavy bumping of the *'ricksha* crossing the high passes.

Thursday, 23rd June, Shima-no-Suwa. —

Left Sakurazawa at eight a.m., following a flat, fertile valley through Motoyama (two miles) and Seba (four miles); the latter a long village with an avenue of trees. The villages seem to improve both in size and wealth the nearer we approach Tokio. Both Motoyama and Seba had two or three firebells suspended at the top of high stationary ladders standing in the centre of the single street.

Outside Seba a fine, broad road, pursuing a straight course for several miles over the plain, branches off towards Matsumoto and the temples of Kamaguchi. Several bands of pilgrims were traversing the road on the way to visit the shrines.

Away across the plain to the north-west a sharp-peaked, lofty range of mountains reared its jagged summits, white with snow. More to the west towered a grand, four-peaked mountain named Norikura-take. These mountains comprehend the wildest, grandest scenery in Japan, and their rocky fastnesses are the homes of numerous bears, deer, wild boar, and wolves. Unhappily our limited time forbids a visit to this Alpine region.

At Shiwojiri (four and a half miles from Seba) we had considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for tiffin, all the inn-keepers seeming to have a dread of foreigners. Rather than hurt their feelings by insisting on accommodation, we rigged up a room in a tea-house by means of spare *shoji* and *fusuma*, which suited just as well. From Yoshi's description of the disgraceful way some foreigners knock about their lacquer dishes, trample on the mats with dirty boots, and abuse the polite attendants, one cannot wonder at their discrimination.

Left Shiwojiri again at 2.30, and commenced at once the ascent of a pass 3340 feet high, at the summit of which a glorious view repaid a hard hour's climb.

Far beneath lay the circular basin of Lake Suwa, about five miles in diameter, its flat shores studded with numerous villages. The great amphitheatre is hemmed in by high rugged mountains, beyond which, to the south-east, Fuji's grand cone was clearly defined, towering above them all. Numerous white-winged fishing-boats enlivened the rippling, blue waters of the lake. A sky,

adorned with fleecy white clouds resting anon from their wild, impetuous chase across the heavens on some favoured peak, or joining forces over some deep ravine, enhanced the glory of the mountains.

The path from the summit wound steeply down to the borders of the lake, towards the town of Shima-no-Suwa, situated on its very shores and within a short distance of its twin-sister, Takashima. Several large white, and apparently official buildings in the latter contrasted artistically with the surrounding sombre brown cottages.

Paddy-fields were terraced from some distance up the pass to the lake side, irrigated from two or three brooks, and tended, if possible, more carefully than any we had before seen.

Reached Shima-no-Suwa about five p.m., found a capital inn, and have been favoured with an upstairs room, from whose verandah there is a fine view of the lake and mountains beyond. The town has a population of 4000, and being blessed with celebrated hot sulphur and alum springs, boasts several first-class inns.

Ernest and I indulged in one of the former in a large covered-in bath-house belonging to the hotel. Water about 113° , and we therefore got well boiled, and came out smelling like Turks. The "lads of the village" assembled in considerable numbers outside the house, to peep at the foreigners through the numerous crannies in the wooden walls. The besieged at once commenced a vigorous bombardment with hot sponges, which stratagem had the desired effect of driving off the enemy.

We were fortunate enough to secure a large but rather coarse-flavoured carp, caught in the lake, for supper. Bought a bottle labelled, "Sweet Wine," made at Kofu—villainous stuff, made, I should imagine, of vitriol, vinegar, and coarse sugar.

Mr. Satow's handbook remarks about Lake Shima-no-Suwa:—

"It is said to freeze over every winter so solidly, that the heaviest laden pack-horse can cross to Kami-no-Suwa with perfect safety. This proves that the depth cannot be very great—the Japanese guide-book says nowhere more than thirty-five feet. The inhabitants do not, however, venture upon

the ice until it has cracked across, believing that the god causes this to happen for a sign to them. Some attribute the rupture to the foxes. It sometimes freezes in December, and continues in that state until the end of February, or the middle of March, of the following year. The ice varies from eight to nine inches to one foot two or three inches (Japanese) in different years. . . . During the winter the fishermen make holes in the ice, through which they put in their nets, pushing them, by means of bamboo poles, from one hole to another. In this way they contrive to take a considerable quantity of fish. Carp seem to be most abundant. During the winter wild duck, hares, pheasants, and snipe, are taken in large numbers on the lake and in the neighbouring hills."

The above shows that the winter must be pretty severe in these mountains of the interior. The wild-fowl alluded to are netted, native sport being usually for the pot.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NAKASENDO (CONCLUDED)—SHIMA-NO-SUWA
TO TAKASAKI.

The Wada-toge—An even balance—Rice husking by water-power—A valuable snake—Rain and mires—Difficult progress—A volcano slope—Poor cottagers and wasted land—A native “coach”—Sweetmeat shops—Unsuccessful start for Asama-yama—Mushrooms—Rein’s description of Asama-yama—The Usui-toge—Chequered experiences at Annaka—Chopsticks—Salted pears—Notes on fruit—Cocoon drying and silk reeling—Takasaki.

Friday, 24th June, Nagakubo.—At Shima-no-Suwa this morning we hired a pack-horse and *mago* to take our baggage to the summit of the Wada Pass for one yen. The *jinricksha* was taken to pieces and strapped with its baggage on the devoted animal’s back. Left at 6.45, and after a long, tiring climb up a winding valley, gradually narrowing to a ravine, we reached the summit at 9.30. It

is 5300 feet high—the highest and longest pass on the Nakasendo.

The hill-sides in many parts looked quite gay with scarlet patches of azaleas, intermingled with handsome tiger lilies. Pilgrims very numerous as usual. Rather amused to meet a pack-horse coming down the pass with a man and his wife balanced on either side in little wicker panniers, looking so ludicrously grave and solemn that I could not help smiling rather loudly as they passed. They squatted cross-legged in the panniers, without any support for their backs, and underwent an oscillating motion sufficient to severely test their sea-going qualities.

Both on the ascent and descent butterflies swarmed, principally fritillaries, common whites, pearl and dusky skippers, blue swallow-tails, and a large black and white mottled butterfly very common everywhere on the Nakasendo. Hedges were full of caterpillars and chrysalides, promising an abundance of insects in August.

The summit of the pass was so hemmed in by its immediate surrounding hills, that but a limited view could be enjoyed, the most

conspicuous object being the smoking cone of Assama-yama and its satellites.

Descending a quarter of a mile to a rest—and tea-house, we spent half an hour unloading the pack-horse and reloading the *jinricksha*. Thence to Wada at the foot of the pass was a continuous descent of seven and a half miles, taking two and a quarter hours.

Wada is a straggling, dirty village, but contains two or three large inns for the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims and travellers crossing the pass. The “damages” charged against us for our afternoon’s rest and tiffin were considerably higher than any we had so far experienced, but on expostulating with the host, they were reduced.

Before entering the village we met about twenty or thirty naked coolies pushing a long truck with solid wooden wheels, on which rested a heavy boiler. It evidently required their utmost exertions to move the ponderous load along at all, and however they would get it up the high pass was a mystery to me. With each push the coolies on one side of the truck and those on the other would alternately give a sing-song “ha-hui,” evidently to relieve the

monotony and to keep step. Surely decent means of transit should be established in the interior first, and modern manufacturing machinery introduced afterwards !

Left Wada at five p.m., and walked the five miles to Nagakubo in one and a half hours, along a level and thickly-populated valley. Noticed a great many small water-wheels in the villages, the numerous brooks being utilized for every kind of domestic labour. Their application to various uses, such as carpenter's work, silk looms, rice-grinding, &c., is very ingenious.

The ordinary and almost universal system of husking the rice has the advantage of simplicity. Occasionally at the corner and a little below the level of a field, one sees a small wooden shed. Into this a small stream of water pours from the field, and at regular intervals a thud and a creek sounds from within. On looking inside it is seen that a wooden shaft is suspended horizontally in its centre by a stationary beam forming its fulcrum. The shaft at one end has a small box, and at the other a heavy wood mallet. Directly beneath the mallet is a hollowed

block of wood containing the grain. When the heavy mallet end of the shaft falls into this, the stream of water flows into the box at the other end of the shaft. When the box is filled, it is heavier than the mallet, and consequently tips up the latter. The water then pours out of the box, and the mallet again descends with a heavy pound into the grain. The owner of this ingenious machine has merely to put in his rice in the morning, and find it all ready husked for him in the evening. In towns such as Tokio, where water-power is unavailable, naked coolies act as the power at the end of the shaft, the latter being so poised that a step backwards or forwards raises or drops the mallet. In some of the poorer villages passed through, we have seen women laboriously pounding the rice for the day's food by manual labour.

Just before entering Nagakubo, I killed a small black snake in the middle of the road, which Yoshi said was venomous, but which the native doctors prize highly as affording a specific against certain complaints. He said they were worth fifteen *sen*, but had too

great an aversion to them to pick this one up.

Saturday, 25th June, Iwamurata.—Alas! the threatening clouds have again burst upon us, and the rain has come down in torrents all day, accompanied by a chilly wind. Left Nagakubo at eight a.m., the road at once ascending a pass, 3200 feet high, from the summit of which we could see a broad plain below, with Asama-yama's range looming faintly through the mist and rain.

Descending to Ashita we there waited some time for Yoshi, who, aided by an extra coolie, was struggling along with the *jinricksha* through the swampy roads. At last he came up splashed from head to foot with mud, and in a towering rage with the coolie, on whom he expended his whole vocabulary of British oaths, explaining that he was not the slightest use. We dismissed the fellow, and hired a couple of likely-looking lads at a cottage hard by. The roads were perfect mires, six inches deep in mud, and progress might best be described by the Hibernicism, that "for every step forward we went one back."

After passing the neat, large village of Mochidzuki we crossed the Chikuma-gawa on a shaky bridge of boats, and entered Shiwonada. We had intended stopping at this village, but found it such a wretched place, with all the inns devoted to silkworm rearing that we pushed on, although very tired with the slimy roads and our heavy soaked clothes. Just outside the village, a heavy gust smashed my ponderous oiled paper umbrella with a noise like a pistol-shot, and I was obliged to throw the last shelter away into a paddy-field.

Reached Iwamurata at 1.30, after a most fatiguing walk of fourteen miles without a single rest. Most of the inns are full of storm-stayed natives, but after a long hunt, we at last managed to secure a comfortable upstairs room.

I have been taking it easy all the afternoon, but Ernest is now busy concocting some mysterious pudding, closely watched by mine host and hostess, who have been studying our habits and language for the past hour or so.

Managed to purchase a couple of bottles

of a very fair imitation of claret, faultlessly labelled "St. Estéphe." The price was 1s. 6d. per quart bottle! I have been told, on good authority, that a great amount of genuine claret and champagne is to be purchased in the interior at proportionately low prices, having been stolen from vessels discharging at the Treaty Ports, and also from the foreign merchants' "godowns." From the number of such thefts at the Treaty Ports, which have already come to my personal knowledge, I fully believe the statement.

Sunday, 26th June, Komoro.—This has been a day of rest, or at least of partial rest, our only exertions being the walk of five miles from Iwamurata. At the latter village our path branched off from the Nakasendo, making a short cut across the country to the great highway from Oiwake to Zenkoji, on which stands Komoro. We followed the base of Asamayama, and at various sandy cuttings through which the path ran the distinct layers of dark ashes, lava, &c., formed by each successive eruption could be seen. The inhabitants of the cottages along this by-path seemed very poor, probably on account

of unsuitability of the land for successful agriculture. I noticed that most of the children ran about stark naked, and were burnt a nut brown.

Owing to the absence of domestic animals (excepting a few semi-wild horses) the hill-sides of the interior, which often would make the most splendid grazing-land, are absolutely valueless, and in this particular instance there are thousands of acres around Asama-yama which might be utilized for cattle. The grass is too coarse and sharp-edged for sheep.

We were surprised to find the highway through Komoro a complete change from the quiet Nakasendo, insomuch that the former is alive with *jinricksha* and man-power carts, laden with all sorts of merchandise; those coming from Tokio bringing kerosene oil, lamps, and all sorts of manufactured wares, and those going thither, with raw goods such as silk, tea, rice, &c.

After an hour and a half's walk we arrived at Komoro, a busy, commercial town of 6500 inhabitants, situated at the base of Asama-yama, and on the bank of the Chikuma-gawa. The single street makes several zigzags, and

was everywhere thronged with pack-horses and their *mago*.

A mail-coach runs to Karuizawa on the Nakasendo,—the most miserable turn-out I ever saw. A pair of lean, broken-kneed hacks feebly supported themselves by the pole of the ramshackle vehicle, whose approach was heralded by the excruciating notes of a bugler running on in front. Although a warm June day, the driver was padded with thick overcoat and mufflers, as though to face all the rigours of an Arctic winter, but more probably to hide a deficiency of under-clothing. It was most amusing to see this pigmy Sam Weller in his battered chimney-pot hat assuming all the swagger and self-importance of the popular Government official.

There are a number of capital stores in Komoro, among which we have been strolling and making a few purchases. The sweet-meat shops are of unusual excellence, their little bean-flour cakes and a sweet jelly-like “Turkish delight” being the best we have yet tasted. The Japps appear to be extremely fond of sweets, but among the numerous shops for the sale of such, we see but few

varieties, the bean and millet flour cakes and sweet jellies of various colours forming the staple. A few sweet cakes are nearly always offered us with tea at the inns or shops. The sign hung outside of all sweet-shops is a white, prickly ball. Yoshi always looks longingly at the sweets, but dare not touch them, as he says they give him toothache.

After settling ourselves in a very clean inn, took a stroll down to the river, but got so disgusted with the curious crowd persistently tracking our steps that we were only too happy to reach the privacy of our inn again. The Japps stare at and follow us everywhere so quietly and politely that we cannot get angry with them, though their persistency is most annoying when one wishes a quiet stroll. A visit to the interior of Japan makes one fully appreciate and sympathize with the feelings of Royalty.

Our host has supplied us with those scarce luxuries—a table and chairs. There is a capital view of Asama-yama from our room; at least it would be a capital view were it not for some wretched clouds which have rested upon the mountain all day. If fine, we

purpose making the ascent to-morrow morning.

Monday, 27th June, Oiwake.—Yoshi awakened us at three a.m., while yet dark, and after a small breakfast we made a start for the volcano. An old guide had been procured by the inn-keeper, and intending to descend to Oiwake, we paid the hotel bill. The early dawn wore a threatening look, and no sooner had we reached the outskirts of the town than down came the rain, accompanied by a bitter cold wind. We plodded hopefully on, however, for about two miles over a bleak moor, but the rain came down in torrents, soaking us through and through, while the chilling wind quite benumbed our limbs. Seeing there was no prospect of a change, we thought discretion the better part of valour, and “made tracks” back to Komoro as fast as our legs could carry us. Arrived at the inn, we exchanged our dripping garments for *kimono*, put the former to dry over a couple of *hibashi*, and made ourselves as snug as possible in our little room all the morning. At noon we lunched off a fine carp taken out of the garden lakelet, and in spite of rain made a

start for Oiwake, eight miles distant, at 2.30.

The road followed the base of the mountain, and was a continuous ascent, the latter half leading across a broad, bleak moor, where the cold wind and torrents of rain chilled us to the marrow. Scattered over the moor lay huge cinders and blocks of lava cast down during the eruptions in past ages. Reached Oiwake in two and a half hours, and happily obtained a cosy little room in one of the large inns of which Oiwake is almost solely composed. We are comfortable once more, and as I write this Yoshi brings in a fine, smoking-hot carp and a large dish of stewed mushrooms, which fill our cup of happiness. The latter are stewed with their roots, and not so well flavoured as our English ones. They are cultivated on the trunks of certain old trees.

Oiwake is situated high up on the bleak hill-side, without any shelter, and is reputed to be one of the coldest spots in Japan. So we find it to-night, and are glad of every little warmth.

Dr. J. J. Rein's account of the ascent of

the volcano, given in Mr. Satow's handbook, is most interesting, and may well be quoted here:—

“The ascent of Asama-yama may most easily be performed from Komoro, from which the mountain bears north-east at the end of a long range which forms the boundary between Shinano and Kodzuke, and at the same time constitutes the water-shed between the Chikuma-gawa and Tone-gawa, between the Sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean.

“The road rises gradually over the Hara from the back of the town, and after proceeding two *ri* (five miles) in a continually north-east direction, reaches a resting-place surrounded by old pine-trees, close to a *torii*, at a height of 4500 feet. This point commands a magnificent view over a considerable part of Shinshiu. Below we descry Komoro and the meandering bed of the Chikuma-gawa, and in the same south-west direction the considerable Mount Tateshina, which from here appears as a long ridge. On the horizon due west rises the chain of the Hida-Shinshiu mountains, like a perpendicular wall, and south the peak of Fuji-san peeps forth.

“After two hours more moderate ascent, the path reaches a ravine, through which winds a merry brook, whose cool waters flow in a south-west direction, and beyond it to a spring at a height of 6450 feet. Its clear cold water, the temperature of which is 48° Fahr., deposits sulphur, is inodorous, but tastes acid. The other springs which feed the brook deposit a great deal of iron slime, and taste strongly of iron. The brook itself deposits a great deal of ferric oxide along

its whole course, even as far as the point where it is crossed by the high road near the village of Mitsuya, between Komoro and Oiwake. It is called Okuba-gawa, and higher up forms a little cascade over black volcanic breccia, which is covered with a red crust, close to the point where the path from Komoro joins that from Oiwake.

“The two rocky masses of hill which rise steeply to a height of about 700 feet right and left, at the exit of the above-mentioned ravine, are called Ken-ga-mine and Imba-yama. After passing through the opening between them, a small, slightly inclined valley opens out before us. Ken-ga-mine embraces its west side in an arc of about 60°, and forms a steep wall with fine volcanic stratification, but slopes away gently to north and south, while it is closely connected with the range on the west. We are now upon the floor of the oldest crater, called Yu-no-taira, but shortly descrie on the north-east side the imposing newer crater, for all later eruptions of Asama-yama have taken place on the east side of Yu-no-taira. The greatest length of this crater bottom, about 1600 yards, extends in the direction of north and south. Once vast masses of lava made their way from here towards Shinano, as well as towards Kodzuke on the other side, and covered large tracts. Dark blocks of lava, light-coloured lapili and ashes crop up everywhere on the grassy and blooming declivities on both sides of the range, and by the road side, covering many square miles of country. The ploughshare and hoe are of very little use here, and well ordered cattle-breeding, which would turn it to account, is hitherto wanting. Yu-no-taira forms a little park. We find here the larch, tsuga, the ordinary Japanese

fir (momi), and shrubs of many species, alder, willow, rhododendron, Diervilla, whortleberry, and in sunny, open spots a beautiful blue iris, *Pardanthus*, *Trollius Japonicus*, *Geranium Sibiricum*, and many other interesting plants.

"From Yu-no-taira the path climbs over loose lava and pumice to the bare cone, at an angle of from 31° to 35°, so that the foot is apt to slip, and walking is very fatiguing. After a good hour's work, the two terraces of which it consists are surmounted, and we now stand before the vast crater. At the foot of the steep cone we already begin to hear a rushing sound like that of a distant waterfall, or the surf on a calm night. It becomes continually louder and stronger the nearer we approach its source, and when we at last look down the deep, unfathomable gulf, a thundering, rumbling, bubbling, and hissing combines with the rushing sound, so that the very ground shakes, and seems as if it would give way every instant under the feet, and drag us down into the horrible abyss from which the hellish noise and exhalation arises. V. Drasche estimates the diameter of the crater at 1000 mètres (3280 feet). I consider it to be not so large, but it is easy to be deceived on this head. The estimate of the Japanese, according to which the *kama* (crater) has a circuit of one and a half *ri* (three and three quarter miles), must at all events be regarded as a gross exaggeration.

"Asama-yama is 2525 mètres (8282 feet) in height. Its lava, like that of On-take and Fuji, is doleritic, without a trace of obsidian. The later eruptions produced merely showers of ash, while the last lava stream flowed north towards Kodzuke, 100 years back. This field

of lava, whose blackish grey blocks are tumbled about in most extraordinary confusion—a rare case in Japan—can be seen from above, and we observe that a pine-wood has sprung up on it partially.

“The last violent and fatal eruption of Asama-yama took place in the latter part of 1783, and spread its horrors far and wide. A vast stream of lava destroyed a famous primeval forest of considerable extent, and several villages on the north side. Red-hot masses of stone flew in this direction, as well as east and south-east, and a thick shower of ashes turned the day into night. The neighbourhood of the Nakasendo between Oiwake and the Usui toge, which had formerly been covered with corn-fields, was changed into a desert, while forty-eight villages here and in the Agematsu department of the province of Kodzuke, and several hundred of their inhabitants, were destroyed by this terrible occurrence. Monkeys, deer, dogs, and other animals were killed by the showers of red-hot stones and ashes, and those which had found sufficient shelter died of hunger, because the falling *ejecta* covered the ground from two to five feet in depth for many miles, and had destroyed and buried the vegetation.

“The last eruption took place in 1870, when the ashes ejected from the crater covered the roofs of houses and herbage to the depth of several millimètres.”

Tuesday, June 28th, Annaka.—This morning has truly been “sunshine after the storm.” On pushing aside our *shoji* we were delighted to find a lovely, sunny morning, heightening the natural beauty of the

landscape, by transforming the mists rolling up the distant valleys into resplendent rainbows.

“ Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide ;
The dripping rock, the mountain’s misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.”

A fairer scene I never beheld than from our little room on this lovely summer morn.

Left Oiwake about seven a.m., and trudged over a prairie gay with flowers and bright-coloured grasses, through the wretched village of Kutsukake to Karuizawa (six miles).

Asama-yama’s lava-covered sides shone blood-red in the sun, and its smoking summit looked tantalizingly near, but we have lost two days over the attempted ascent, and *must* push on. Karuizawa is a remarkably pretty village, almost hidden in foliage, and should be a healthy, pleasant place to spend a few days, being over 3000 feet high, and free from those pests of the plains—mosquitoes.

Thus far the road was a perfect mire

after the rain, and progress, ankle-deep in mud, was of course slow. We envied the pilgrims and merchants, who tramped through the mud on their high clogs, quite unconcernedly. Immediately beyond Karuizawa we began the ascent of the Usui toge by a capital new road, which, however, was almost washed away in some parts by the late rains. It followed the sinuous banks of a densely wooded ravine up to the summit (4050 feet high), on which stands an insignificant hamlet, several *torii*, and a small shrine, where the numerous pilgrims crossing the *toge* spend a few minutes in prayer. We *ought* to have obtained a splendid view from this point, but everything was obscured by a wretched cloud, which had evidently observed our approach.

The descent road to Sakamoto was six miles long, at a very easy gradient and capitally built, although it evidently required continual *patching* to prevent destruction from the heavy rains. Passed numerous pack-horses and oxen, whose *mago* had apparently been rain-bound for the past two or three days.

About half-way down, our path wound through a valley clothed in the densest and by far the most beautiful foliage I ever saw, not even excepting the valley of the Kiso. Every shade of green was exhibited, and amongst the trees, peonies, the pink azalea, and white lily gaily peeped, and in the bed of the valley rippled a sparkling brook.

To the right above the valley stood a range of curiously-shaped peaks—Miogisan, very densely wooded and rocky, and jutting out in the most fantastic forms of domes, spires, battlements, &c. I can compare them only with the Hartz mountains.

Beside our path, among the tall grasses and shrubs, the wild raspberry flourished, and the fruit being ripe and well flavoured, we several times halted for a feast. At a bend in the path after leaving the valley, a beautiful vista opened out. Immediately below lay the long brown village of Sakamoto, with its single straight street. Beyond this, stretching away into the purple distance, lay the fertile Yedo plain, the greatest and richest in Japan. Immediately on our right stood a grove of

tall pines and cryptomeria, above which, forming a fitting background, towered the fantastic peaks of Miogi-san.

Found considerable difficulty in obtaining a room for our midday rest at Sakamoto, the inn-keepers seeming to dislike foreigners, but at last accommodation was found in an old place that had evidently seen better days.

The walk of twelve miles from Sakamoto was partly through a very pretty, hilly country. For some distance the road followed the banks of a river, on whose opposite side a gentle slope led up to the base of Miogi-san, like a beautiful park, with superior, picturesque houses peeping out from among the trees.

From Sakamoto to Takasaki run wretched, noisy conveyances, something like caricatures of waggonettes, dignified in the guide-book by the name of "coaches," whether as a joke or not I cannot tell. They certainly tear down hills at a fine pace, with whips cracking, horns blowing, and banners flying, apparently more impelled by the laws of gravity than by the bony steeds, but uphill it

is pitiful to see them ; all passengers have to get out and walk, and this road being very hilly, several times we passed a coach that had left Sakamoto before us, and arrived at Matsuida very shortly after it.

Between Matsuida and Oiwake the road led for some distance through an avenue of magnificent *cryptomeria*, meeting overhead. Numbers of very large caterpillars were crawling up the trunks, probably to spin, as they could scarcely find much sustenance from these trees.

Mulberry-trees increased in numbers as we approached Annaka, but the leaves were all stripped off, nothing remaining but the ripe berries. The natives do not appear to touch the berries, but allow them to drop off and rot. There must be some great dislike to them to account for such waste in a country where Nature's offerings are usually turned to the last degree of profit.

Just on entering Annaka the rain came down in a steady pour, and we found to our disgust that there were only two decent inns in the village, both so well supplied with native

guests that they would not receive us. This was a pleasant state of things, to be consigned to the streets in the drenching rain and approaching darkness, and after a hard day's tramp of twenty-five miles. Were obliged to avail ourselves of the last resource of applying at the police-station and requesting accommodation somewhere. A polite little sergeant at once put on his yellow-banded cap and long coat, and accompanied us through the rain to the best inn. On his appearance the innkeeper soon made the discovery that he *had* one spare room, which, though not the best, we find very comfortable.

We can see through the open *shoji* a room full of Japps on the opposite side of the garden, all amicably squatting in a circle, busy with chopsticks amongst a lot of little cups of rice, soup, scraps of fish, vegetables, pickles, &c. They turn round sometimes to stare; and a vigorous debate, of which we are the subject, is evidently being conducted.

The chopsticks are both held in one hand, one between the thumb and first finger, and the other between the first and second

fingers, the points being brought together by movement of the fingers. A person skilled in their use can pick up his food just as fast or even faster than by using a knife and fork. It is amusing to watch a circle such as that before us now, their chopsticks plunging indiscriminately into the little dishes around them, varying each mouthful of fish or rice with some relish, such as the horribly smelling *daikon*, or slices of cucumber. The latter is often the only vegetable we can obtain, and is evidently considered by Yoshi to be indispensable at any meal. We are constantly regaled with cucumber and vinegar for breakfast, lunch, and supper, though I cannot agree with Ernest that it's so "awfully good for us." Certainly we get what the doctors call a "mixed diet" as regards incongruity of compounds. For instance, an ordinary meal consists of eggs, rice, Liebig's extract of beef, cucumber and vinegar, and with hard walking on this diet we are becoming "feather" weights.

This evening we bought at a fruit-stall some large yellow pears, quite ripe, but as hard as bricks, for stewing. Yoshi's *menu*

is usually served up in the order of whatever gets cooked quickest, so this evening of course our stewed pears came first. This had been looked forward to as an uncommon treat, but what was the disgust exhibited on our countenances to find they had been liberally *salted*! For some moments there was silence in the court, and then the storm arose and beat upon the devoted Yoshi. It is pretty difficult to calm down one's feelings sufficiently for journalizing after such a wholesale poisoning case. Moreover, mosquitoes are humming around in legions, but our host's large green net keeps all but a select few at a distance.

Wednesday, 29th June, noon at Takasaki tea-house.—Awakened early this morning by some strange gurglings, hissings, and chokings outside our room like the forerunners of some subterranean disturbance. It turned out to be nothing more romantic than our fellow-lodgers performing their toilet on the platform surrounding the garden, so rolled over and went fast asleep again.

Left Annaka at 7.30, under a bright sun, which ere long became too hot for comfort.

The morning was beautifully clear, and far behind us Asama-yama and several ranges showed clear and distinct.

The road to Takasaki was perfectly level, and the near approach to such an important commercial emporium was marked by a large increase in the traffic. The land was most richly cultivated with wheat, maize, millet, mulberry-trees, potatoes, &c., and contained very few of the unlovely paddy-fields. Passed several fine orchards and flower-gardens, many of the latter resplendent with the beautiful blue iris lily. Noticed that in the orchards the pear, plum, and apple-trees were formed and trained similarly to our English system. In one portion of the garden the branches of the fruit-trees were all trained along a trellis-work overhead, thus throwing the branches out at right angles to the trunk.

Few countries in the world are more deficient in fruit than Japan. Apples will not ripen at all; pears ripen after they are pulled, but are as hard as bricks, and most insipid; plums are small and sour. There are wild strawberries (quite tasteless) in many parts

of the country, and some cultivated plants have been imported from England, but the fruit becomes more tasteless with every year in the country. Good-sized, well-flavoured wild raspberries we have often feasted upon on the Nakasendo, but have never seen them for sale, and do not think they are cultivated. There are extensive vineyards in one or two of the central provinces, but the grapes are wretched, sour little things. Oranges are cultivated to some extent on the Kii peninsula and the island of Kiusiu, but they are small and poor in comparison to Spanish. Two fruits which *do* come to perfection are the greengage (in October) and the persimmon. The latter tree we see cultivated everywhere. It is about the size of our ordinary apple-tree. The fruit is oval, with a thin skin, and is somewhat similar both in size and appearance to a ripe fig. Like the latter it is eaten both fresh, and dried and sweetened. It is not to be despised either way, but we have soon got tired of the rather strong flavour, the dried persimmon being about the only fruit we have been able to purchase all the way from Kobe.

In the outskirts of Takasaki we saw immense numbers of cocoons sunning in baskets in front of the cottages to kill the chrysalides. Many of the heavy wooden trucks being pushed into town were laden with baskets full of cocoons, on their way, I suppose, to Yokohama for exportation to China. In some of the cottages women were busy reeling the silk off cocoons placed in dishes of hot water. It evidently required the utmost delicacy in picking up the threads and turning the wheel.

Takasaki, a town with a population of 12,000 inhabitants, has a substantial, well-to-do appearance, and carries on a large trade with the people of the fertile country around, receiving raw silk, rice, tea, &c., in exchange for manufactured goods. At the entrance to the town we crossed a river—the Karasu-gawa—by a substantial bridge. The most prominent structure in the town is the fort, a powerful-looking place protected in the modern style by earthwork fortifications. A large garrison is stationed there, the only one we have come across since leaving Kyoto.

The principal street, nearly two miles in length, is crowded with pack-horses, carts, and *jinricksha*, and lined with shops—many of them very large—from end to end. Some of the latter are devoted to foreign goods, and we have seized the opportunity to invest in some condensed milk, tinned butter, salmon, &c. The latter are caught in Yezo, tinned by the Kaitakushi (colonization department), and are but little inferior to the best Oregon brands.

Found a large telegraph and a post-office in separate buildings, and wired to Yokohama for some more *satsu* (of which we have run short) to be sent to Nikko, dollar notes being unnegotiable.

Numbers of little canvas tents and stalls are set up in various parts of the town for the sale of iced drinks, mostly acidulous. After our tramp in the hot sun the temptation for some iced claret and lemonade (or what were labelled as such) was too strong to be resisted.

We have secured a room in a tiny tea-house (for our midday rest), one of the cleanest and prettiest I ever saw, and far

more satisfactory than one of the large inns where they dislike us taking a room for two or three hours only.

We part company here with an old acquaintance—the Nakasendo—along which we have tramped for the past seventeen days, and are now to take the Rei-hei-sha-kaido on our way to Nikko, *viâ* Tochigi.

CHAPTER VIII.

TAKASAKI TO NIKKO—THE REI-HEI-SHI-KAIDO.

Shiba Machi—Inquisitive travellers—A wretched village—Native telegraphy—Ominous swallows—Tochigi—The inn bath—Kanuma—Magnificent avenue—Death of a snake—Nikko at last—Expenses of inland travel—Itinerary of our 328 miles' walk.

Wednesday evening, 29th June, Shiba Machi.

—Left Takasaki at 3.30, took a long time to get out of the long town, and when we did the three-mile walk to Kuragano was highly uninteresting, along a road thronged with traffic, and in a perfectly flat country. At the latter place we took a narrow byeway to the right, and in another four miles passed through Tamamura, a neat enough looking village, but composed entirely of houses of ill-fame, mainly kept up by the military and merchants of Takasaki, whence such establishments have been driven. Two or three

large silk-weaving factories gave at least a *show* of respectability to the village. Three miles farther we reached Gorio, where we had intended stopping, but found it a wretched little hamlet with no inn, and consequently had to push on. Just beyond the village the path descended steeply into the rough shingle on the shore of the Hugi-gawa, a broad, black stream with a strong current. This, much to the peril of our baggage, we had to cross in a small, flat-bottomed boat manned by one able-bodied coolie, two old men of about seventy, and a boy about six. Notwithstanding this motley crew we safely reached the opposite shore, had a rough scramble across the shingle, and through a marsh, and in five minutes arrived at this village.

Have obtained an upstairs room in a very respectable old inn. The bath is awfully small. I could only just squeeze in, and got nearly choked with smoke from the wood fire. Ernest could not get in at all, and got ditto.

Had a supper of dried bonito steaks, stewed apricots, rice, and omelettes, quite a luxurious repast. The rain is pouring—a

bad termination to such a hot day. Shiba Machi is a wretched little village, apparently without any trade or ambition.

Thursday, 30th June, Yamada.—A beautiful morning, the foliage fresh, and glistening with thousands of diamond-like drops after the night of rain.

Left Shiba Machi at 6.30, and got over the thirteen miles to Ota before tiffin, passing through *en route* Sakai Machi and Kizaki, and crossing the Watarase-gawa at the latter village. Our path the whole morning led through a monotonously level country, and was so narrow as to barely allow the passage of two *jinricksha*.

Unlike the system along the Nakasendo of dwelling in villages, the farmers in this part of the country appear to live on their land, and in some cases their houses have an appearance of wealth. The deep-eaved, thatch roofs of the occasional farm-house, peeping out from amongst a dark mass of foliage, and surrounded by the mathematically laid out and planted fields, transported me in the spirit to similar landscapes in Southern Prussia.

Rice appears to be in disfavour, being replaced by patches of native potatoes (with caladium-like leaves), maize, hemp, millet, rye, barley, &c., a very agreeable change from the monotonous paddy-fields. There was happily little or no traffic along our road, or the block system would have had to be strictly applied.

At Ota we took our rest and tiffin at a large tea-house, which had not sufficient *shoji* to form a complete room, and therefore any new arrivals stationed themselves opposite to us. Whenever their chop-sticks rested for a second or two we evidently formed the subject of acute criticism.

Like Takasaki, Ota supplies a large tract of country with manufactured goods, both Japanese and foreign, its one long street being lined with stores for the sale of such. Made a few purchases, including whortleberries and plums for a stew, and a bottle labelled "Crème de Vanille," which latter, as usual, turned out a pious fraud.

Left Ota at 3.30, and after passing through the small village of Fukin, arrived at Yamada at six o'clock. This village is

almost solely composed of houses of ill-fame or *jorôya*, and we were only able to find one respectable inn in the whole place. The house next to us is brilliantly illuminated, and through the half-open *shoji* the discordant, falsetto voices of the *geisha* (singing and dancing girls), and the clang of their *samiesen* are wafted into the still night, like the wail of a hundred cats.

Mosquitoes are in myriads, and seem to have good appetites. They are hard at work on my feet as I write this, but our host is busy putting up one of his large, square curtains, to guard us from their onslaught.

Friday, 1st July, Sasa Inn, Tochigi.—Left Yamada at 6.40 a.m., and arrived at Temmio (six miles and a quarter) at 8.30. The latter is an immensely long village, consisting of three streets, or rather of one street making two right angles, its whole length being, I opine, nearly two miles. It has, however, a very quiet appearance, very little traffic, and but few shops. Many of the houses appeared to belong to the wealthier classes, for, besides being substantially built and beautifully kept, their front rooms contained

strong iron-clasped treasure coffers, and ancestral urns.

At one of the little booths in the village, we managed to get an iced lemon drink, at the expense of being stared at by a score or two of school children.

Just outside the village a Government officer, arrayed in white ducks, was superintending the erection of a double line of telegraph wires from Tochigi. This work was but a few years ago under the management of Europeans, but, as in other departments of Japanese progress, they have been entirely superseded by natives, who can now make even the most intricate telegraphic instruments. The Morse code has been adapted to the language, and is, I believe, universally used. From Temmio to Moro (five miles and a half) the road wound among thickly wooded hills, and through a beautifully cultivated country. Saw a very large pear orchard, the branches being carefully trained along a bamboo trellis-work overhead.

Noticed three species of very handsome swallow-tail butterflies, purplish-black, green, and blue, and of the first Ernest secured

two. *Apropos*, the Japanese swallows are the loveliest little birds of their species I ever saw. Much smaller than our English acquaintances, they have a wonderful blue gloss on the wings—more like a humming-bird than swallow. The country people are very fond of them, and over the entrance to almost every humble cottage one may see a nestful of happy, tight-fitted little swallows. The parent birds fly in and out of the house as they please, and great is the clamour in the nest when an unfortunate fly is brought in; should the swallows not return in the spring, it is considered an omen boding no good to the inhabitants of the cottage.

During the past few days we notice that the breeds of fowls—almost always good—have gradually improved, as we penetrate into this more prosperous part of the country, until the specimens of various species appear absolutely perfect. Yellow and black Cochins, Houdans, black Polish and white bantams are numerous, besides many other very fancy breeds I never saw out of Japan.

At the small village of Moro we took our midday rest, and left again at 2.45 for

Tochigi, following a very crooked, but broad and well-kept road. At 3.30 passed through Tomita, a place pervaded with the air of unostentatious wealth, and at five o'clock arrived at Tochigi, an important little town of 4000 inhabitants, and capital of a prefecture.

It lies on flat ground, has several tall fire-bell ladders, and a stream of water crossed by numerous little bridges runs down the centre of the principal street. The shops are numerous and pretentious, the streets busy, and, for the first time since leaving Takasaki, we see those ramshackle vehicles, by courtesy yclept coaches, with their wretched, bony accompaniments sustained by the shafts.

This is a first-rate old inn, but the landlord is a little particular, such as not liking foreigners' food to be cooked in his utensils. Neither would he allow the bath to be cooled by the addition of a little cold water (though about 120°), and in making a forlorn hope, I nearly got my left leg boiled, and had to beat a retreat. I saw a woman calmly bathing in it a few minutes before, when it must have been some degrees hotter.

My boots are all coming to pieces, and the

nails coming through, make soles of feet very sore. However, hope to reach Nikko the day after to-morrow, when all troubles will cease.

Saturday, July 2nd, Itabashi.—Up at five a.m. and off at 6.30 in a dull, foggy atmosphere, spoiling any scenery there might have been, but agreeably cool for walking. Tramped at least a mile before reaching the outskirts of Tochigi, and after another mile through a thickly populated district, and along a road hemmed in by hedges and trees, we passed through Kassemba, a pretty village, but full of houses of bad repute. Hence to Kanazaki (five miles) the road wound through a country of “garden cultivation,” hemp predominating. Passed numbers of naked coolies, dragging heavy carts, containing raw produce, towards Tochigi.

Between Kanazaki and Kanuma we passed through Niregi and Nasawara, two poor-looking villages containing more than their fair share of large, wolfish curs, which on our approach scampered to a safe distance, and lifted up their voices in ear-splitting howls and yelps.

Four miles from Kanuma we crossed the

O-ashi-gawa, at present a small, clear stream flowing in a broad, stony bend, whose low banks are covered with brushwood.

Arrived at Kanuma at 10.15 a.m. after a walk of fourteen miles and a half in three hours and three-quarters without a moment's stoppage. Kanuma is a large town of 15,000 inhabitants, the largest in point of population that we have visited since leaving Kyoto. It lies in a valley, has the quiet appearance of departed glory, little traffic, and but one or two good hotels and shops.

Put up at a small tea-house for tiffin, got an upstairs room without any *shoji*, and were the objects of admiration of a happy family of naked Japps in the neighbouring house.

Leaving Kanuma at 3.50 p.m., we at once entered the splendid avenue of tall cryptomerias, which continues almost unbroken the whole way to Nikko, a distance of eighteen miles. It is the finest avenue I ever entered. The trees are planted on the banks lining the road, and one can sometimes see for nearly a mile under this stately canopy. They are planted as a rule very close together, so close that few other trees could thrive at all.

Though at first very imposing, the avenue became extremely monotonous during an eight miles' walk, only relieved by the dirty little village of Fubasami. At one spot a small snake glided into the ditch, but we hooked him out into the middle of the road with umbrellas, and added one more to our record of victims. He was about two feet six inches long, had a flat head, and a body striped with yellow. Nailed to the trunk of a cryptomeria hard by hung a small board on which was a painting of the very same species of snake, circumscribed by Japanese characters. According to Yoshi's interpretation, a pilgrim had been bitten on this spot and succumbed to the effects. I can hardly believe the statement, as there are but few venomous snakes in the country, and those not deadly.

Reached Itabashi at six p.m., and found it a wretched little place, with but poor inns. The villagers are evidently unaccustomed to the sight of foreigners, from their insatiable curiosity.

Sunday, 3rd July, Suzuki's Inn, Nikko.—At last our long pilgrimage of 328 miles from Lake Biwa to the holy shrines of Nikko has

ended, and we are once more at home in a comfortable semi-European inn.

Left Itabashi at 7.30 a.m. under a threatening sky, which, however, soon cleared up. The gloomy avenue of cryptomeria continued unbroken to Nikko, except at the village of Imaichi where the Utsu-no-Miya and Tochigi roads converge. Covered the ten miles from Itabashi to Nikko in two hours and three-quarters, without a stoppage, arriving at 10.15.

The road ascended gradually from Imaichi and occasional glimpses through the trees showed the beautiful hills and valleys clothed in a mass of dark foliage.

We were a little surprised to find Nikko, instead of a large town, quite a village, owing its existence entirely to the crowds of pilgrims who visit the shrines during three months of the year. The situation is lovely. It lies on the slope of a beautiful valley, which, with the surrounding mountains, is covered with a dense forest, whose monotony is broken by an occasional clearing or grassy meadow. Few but the hunter or wood-cutter can find subsistence in such a country, and through the greater part of the year

Nikko reigns in the midst of supreme but entrancing solitude. For rain throughout the summer it is proverbial, and in winter the snow often lies to a great depth, so one cannot wonder at the moist look about the place.

The village consists of a single steep street, named Hachi-ishi, down the centre of which runs a small stream. There are several inns for the accommodation of pilgrims, and numerous shops exhibiting tempting specimens of lacquered wood-work, such as carved trays, goblets, rice dishes, fancy chop-sticks, cabinets, &c. Bear, deer, wild boar and wild cat skins are also to be seen hanging in a few shops.

Suzuki's hotel is a pretty little place about thirty yards off the main road—very select and quiet. Being frequented by most European visitors, it contains the comforts of chairs and tables, although the rooms and all other appointments are in native style. Our host's wine-cellar (which, by the way, is exhibited in a booth at the entrance to the inn) contains some genuine Bass and claret—vulgar but essential adjuncts to this mortal's happiness.

At the post-office a substantial packet of home letters awaited us—the first since leaving England three months ago. The long journey was almost worth the trouble, if only to experience the pleasure of that afternoon spent poring over letters and newspapers more than two months old.

During the whole of our long tramp from Hikone we have scarce had a dry stitch of clothing, owing to either rain or perspiration, and have arrived here like two vagabonds—ragged, tanned, and almost shoeless. So much for the pleasures of travelling with a limited amount of baggage, *vide* guide-books!!

The average expenses of a pedestrian on the Nakasendo (which may be taken as a sample of almost any part of the interior) are tolerably light. Our expenses, inclusive of everything, were about three and a quarter yen or 7s. 6d. each per day, including Yoshi's food and lodging, and *perhaps* an occasional "squeeze" from him.

Although most "boys" are in the habit of obtaining "squeezes" from both landlords and shopkeepers, we have never in one single

instance had reason to suspect Yoshi of any such thing. He is not one of those sly, highly polished "gentleman-interpreters" whose sole aim is persistent robbery, but is an honest, kind-hearted coolie, who does all that lies in his power to make us comfortable, even when tired out with a hard day's work.

The following is the itinerary of our pedestrian journey from Hikone to Nikko:—

Date.		Miles.
June 12	Hikone to Tarin .	22
" 13	Gifu . . .	18
" 14	At Gifu . . .	—
" 15	Ota . . .	18
" 16	Hosokute . . .	16
" 17	Okute . . .	4
" 18	Magome . . .	20
" 19	Suwara . . .	18
" 20	Fukushima . . .	13
" 21	Ascent On-take .	—
" 22	Sakurazawa . . .	20
" 23	Shima-no-Suwa .	17
" 24	Nagakubo . . .	20
" 25	Iwamurata . . .	14
" 26	Komoro . . .	5
" 27	Oiwake . . .	8
" 28	Annaka . . .	25
" 29	Shiba Machi . .	18
" 30	Yamada . . .	21
July 1	Tochigi . . .	19
" 2	Itabashi . . .	22
" 3	Nikko . . .	10

Total . 328 miles.

CHAPTER IX.

NIKKO.

The sacred bridge—The mausoleum of Iye-yasu—
Troublesome curio-vendors—Mr. Satow's description
of Iye-yasu's shrines.

Monday, July 4th, Nikko.—Though a dull misty day throughout, we paid our long-wished-for visit to the shrine of Iye-yasu—the first Shogun and head of the powerful Tokugawa family. Following the village road we crossed the sparkling torrent of the Daiyagawa by a temporary wooden bridge. A little higher up the stream stood the sacred bridge, its dark red colour contrasting picturesquely with a background of green cryptomerias. In days gone by the bridge was closed to all but the Shoguns and pilgrims, and to the latter it was and still is only open twice in the year. To-day we were told it

was "closed for repairs," though I rather think that may be a permanent "blind" for foreigners.

Across the bridge the paths diverged towards the different shrines among the cryptomeria groves. Our path led upwards and past two monasteries with large overhanging roofs. Near the entrance to the shrine of Iye-yasu stands a handsome, dull red pagoda 104 feet high. Around the lower story are faithfully carved and painted images of various animals, such as the horse, ape, goat, &c., all in wood.

The priests evidently appreciate the desire of foreigners to see their Holy of Holies, a charge of eighteen sen being made for admittance.

A flight of stone steps lead us up to the Niomon or gate of the two kings, the principal entrance. This portal is a fair example of Japanese animal wood-carving and painting. Lions, tigers, tapirs (which are supposed to act in China as charms against pestilence), elephants' heads, &c., are all represented, with accurate carvings of the tree-peony, tastefully thrown in.

In one of the interior courts stood a large

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stone font, into which an old priest dipped a wooden ladle, and quenched our thirst with holy water. Many handsome bronze lanterns stood around the courts. The Holy of Holies is the largest and the most splendidly decorated and gilded of the shrines. After taking off our shoes on the steps leading up to it, a priest conducted us through the building. The first room entered was a mass of gorgeous (I might even say gaudy) decoration, but two small anterooms on either side offered a pleasing contrast in their quiet, harmonious colourings. Their surrounding wooden panels were most beautifully carved with raised figures of birds, flowers, &c., while carvings of lilies, peonies, &c., adorned the roofs. In one of the rooms a dozen pilgrims were on their knees gazing at the beautiful carvings with a dazed awe-stricken expression. They have now reached the goal of their ambition after, mayhap, a weary hot journey of some hundred miles.

Last of all we were conducted up a moss-covered, stone flight of steps to a small stone-fenced court behind the temples, overhung with tall cryptomerias. In the centre

stood the dome-shaped tomb of Iye-yasu, a single bronze casting. Immediately in front stood a huge bronze stork, holding a brass candle, and beside it a bronze incense burner and a vase containing brass lotus leaves and flowers. In front of the court sat bronze "heavenly dogs," on whose pedestals were stamped in gilt the trefoil crests of the Toku-gawa family.

Before leaving the temple Yoshi borrowed a *yen* and at once invested it in a packet of little paper slips sold by the priest. These were to be presented to certain relatives of his at Kobe, who contemplated a pilgrimage to Nikko, and wished the sacred charms to ward off evils on their journey.

During the evening we have been much plagued with worldly-minded traders constantly entering the room, giving four or five low bows, and, in spite of expostulations, unwrapping bundle after bundle of their goods. It was of no use repeating to each that we did not want anything, the fellow seeming to take that as a matter of course, and only retiring when things began to look dangerous. But no sooner was that rascal out

than the *shoji* would be quietly pushed aside, and another take his place, with the same smiles and the same bows, though whether he had the same box or not, we were unable to decide. At last we got half an hour's armistice, and were congratulating ourselves on having got rid of the miscreants, when another unhappy being ventured in with a bundle. That Japp descended those stairs like lightning, followed by his merchandise, and had reason to congratulate himself that Providence allowed him to land on his feet instead of his head. Their curios consisted mainly of *nitshki*—little ivory carvings of gods, animals, &c., very old and wonderfully executed.

Tuesday, 5th July, Nikko.—We had planned a trip to the beautiful lake of Chiuzenji for to-day, but "*l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" A Scotch mist has shrouded the country in gloom all day, and we have consequently been employed in bargaining with the shopkeepers for wild animal skins, and some of the pretty woodwork articles.

Yoshi managed to purchase a chicken somewhere—the second instalment of fresh

meat in a month, and sundry cries a few moments since announced its doom.

A German gentleman with his interpreter arrived at Suzuki's this morning—the first white face we have seen since leaving Kioto.

Owing to so short a visit to the mausoleum of Iye-yasu, my own observations are but superficial, and some extracts from Mr. Satow's handbook may be of interest.

Entering by the Nio-mon Gate he says:—

“The two gigantic figures which formerly occupied the niches right and left on the outside of the gate have been removed, and their places given to a pair of gilt monsters, called Ama inu and Koma inu, which probably are intended to represent lions. The carvings which adorn this gateway are extremely varied. On the tops of the pillars at the four external angles are *baku* or tapirs, representations of which are supposed in China to act as charms against pestilence. The heads on the central pillars of the two outer ends of the structure are lions; in the niches right and left of the lion at one end are unicorns, and in the corresponding niches at the other end are fabulous beasts called *taku jiu*, which are endowed with the power of speech, and only appear in the world when a virtuous sovereign occupies the throne. The doorways are adorned with elephants' heads; the first portico has *kara shishi* (lions), with the tree-peony flower, and the second has tigers. The interiors of the niches on the outside of

the gateway are decorated with tapirs and groups of tree-peonies, those on the niches on the inside with bamboos. Passing through the gateway the visitor finds himself in a courtyard, raised high above the approach, and enclosed by a timber wall painted bright red. The three handsome buildings arranged in a zig-zag are storehouses, in which various utensils used at the religious ceremonies performed in honour of Iyeyasu's memory, pictures, furniture, and other articles used by him during his lifetime, and generally all the treasures belonging to the temple are usually kept. On the left of the gate stands a gigantic tree of the species called *Kō-ya maki*, surrounded by a stone railing. Close to this tree is a sumptuous stable for a sacred white pony, kept for the use of the god, whence the name *Jimme*. Immediately under the roof are some cleverly-executed groups of monkeys, severally represented as closing their ears and mouths and shading their eyes with their hands. They are called *san goku no saru*—'the monkeys of the three countries,' i.e. India, China, and Japan. The next building is the guard-room. A very interesting object is the On chōdzu-ya, containing a holy-water cistern, made of a solid piece of granite, and protected by a roof supported on twelve square pillars of the same stone. It is so carefully adjusted on its bed, that the water conducted through a long series of pipes from the cascade called Sō-men-daki behind the hill, bubbles up and pours over each edge in exactly equal volumes, so that it seems to be a solid block of water rather than a piece of stone.

"The beautifully-decorated building beyond the holy-water basin is called the *Kiō-zō*, and is the depository

for a complete collection of the Buddhist scriptures, which is contained in a fine revolving octagonal cupboard with red lacquer panels and gilt pillars.

"In the centre of the court stands a fine bronze *torii* with the Toku-gawa crest in gold on the tops of the pillars and on the tie-beam.

"A flight of steps gives access into another court, along the front of which runs a stone balustrade. Just inside are two stone lions in the act of leaping down. On the right stands a bell-tower of beautiful workmanship and decoration, a bronze candelabrum presented by the King of Loochoo, and a bell given by the King of Korea, called the Moth-eaten Bell, because of there being a hole in the top just under the ring by which it is suspended. The inscription was composed by a Korean Minister of State, and bears a date corresponding to A.D. 1642.

. . . . "We next ascend a flight of steps to the platform, on which stands the beautiful gate called the Yo mei mon. The *keya-ki* columns which support it are carved with a minute regular pattern and painted white. The centre pillar on the left side has a tiger and cub carved on it, the marks on whose fur are cleverly rendered by means of the grain of the wood. The pillar next beyond has the pattern carved upside down, which was done purposely lest the whole structure, by being too perfect, should bring misfortune on the house of Toku-gawa. It is called the *ma-yoke-no hashira*, the 'evil-averting pillar.' Passing through the gate, we enter a second court, enclosed on three sides by the above-mentioned cloister, in which the Buddhist priests used formerly to repeat their prayers when assembled for the two great annual fes-

tivals, and on the fourth by a lofty stone wall built against the face of the hill. Of the two buildings on the right, one contains a stage for the performance of the sacred dances called *kagura*, while in the other, called *Goma-dō*, was an altar for burning the fragrant cedar while prayers were recited. On the left is a building containing the cars carried in procession on the 1st June, when the deified spirits of Iye-yasu, Hide-yoshi, and Yoritomo are supposed to occupy them. In the midst stands the enclosure, called the Tama-gaki, which contains the *hai-den* or oratory, and the *hon-den* or chapel. The Tama-gaki forms a quadrangle, of which each side is fifty yards long, and which is constructed of gilt trellis, with borders of geometrical coloured decorations running along it above and below.

Above and underneath these again are carvings of birds in groups about eight inches high and six feet long, with backgrounds of grass carved in relief and gilt. The gate called Kara-mon, through which this enclosure is entered, is composed of Chinese woods inlaid with great skill and care. Visitors are required to take off their shoes. The folding doors of the oratory are beautifully decorated with arabesques of *botan* (tree-peony) flowers in gilt relief; over the door and windows of the front are nine compartments, filled with birds carved in relief, four on each side of the building, and there are four more at the back on each side of the corridor leading to the chapel. The interior is a large matted room, forty-two feet long by twenty-seven feet deep, with an antechamber at each end. That on the right, which was intended for the Toku-gawa family, contains pictures of *Kirin* on a gold ground, and four carved oaken panels

eight feet high by six feet wide. The subjects are the Chinese phoenix variously treated, and appear at first sight to be in low relief; but on closer examination it will be discovered that the figures are formed of various woods glued on to the surface of the panel, a suspicion of which is also naturally excited by a quantity of brass-headed nails, which do not add to the beauty of the work. The opposite antechamber has the same number of panels, the subjects of which are eagles, very spiritedly executed, and a carved and painted ceiling, the subjects on which are chrysanthemums round an Apsaras in the centre. The gold paper *go-hei*¹ at the back of the oratory and a circular mirror are the only ornaments left, the Buddhist furniture of bells, gongs, books of prayer, and so forth having been removed when the pure Shinto form of worship was introduced. . . ."

¹ Little slips of paper to signify the presence of the gods.

CHAPTER X.

NIKKO TO YOKOHAMA.

An aristocratic coolie—Awful roads—The effects of *saké*—Utsu-no-miya—Turned away—A river steamer to Tokio—Doubts about the safety-valve—Sloppy Tokio—Once more in a civilized hotel.

Wednesday, 6th July, Utsu-no-miya. — The whole morning wet as usual, so we remained at Nikko until the afternoon. Yoshi had been interchanging civilities with the German gentleman's cook, which had resulted in an alliance offensive and defensive. Some genuine hot buttered toast, a relic of civilization for some weeks lost sight of, appeared at both breakfast and tiffin, but from what source we thought it unnecessary to question Yoshi.

Wishing to hire a couple of *jinricksha* to carry us to Utsu-no-miya (twenty-two miles), we sent Yoshi to hunt them up. He returned with a well-dressed man, taller than the

average Japp, with aquiline features, short-cut whiskers, a somewhat haughty demeanour, and looking altogether so intelligent and well-bred that we took him to be a coolie employer. We soon came to terms. He was to provide us with two *jinricksha* to Utsu-no-miya for one and a half yen (3s. 6d.) each. Punctually at three o'clock the *jinricksha* arrived, and what was our surprise to find our well-dressed friend of the morning harnessed to one of the vehicles, and quite naked, except for a loose blue cotton jacket and very scanty loin-cloth! This is but one illustration of the energy and independent spirit of a race whose nobility (in many cases) raised the admiration of the civilized world by its voluntary exchange of a life of ease and luxury for one of penury, during the great revolution of 1868-9. Even Yoshi says *he* was once a *samurai* (a *daimio's* two-sworded retainer) with "plenty money" and nothing to do, but now his wife keeps a little *saké* shop in Kobe and he is a poor coolie.

After paying Suzuki's hotel bill (literally a yard long) we left "beautiful Nikko" at

three p.m. The roads were very muddy and wet from the heavy rains, and after passing Imaichi they merged into perfect swamps. Our coolies were obliged to run the *jinricksha* upon one of the high banks on either side of the road, and drag us along extremely rough paths between the cryptomeria-trees and the field borders. We incessantly bumped and thumped over the thick roots of the cryptomerias; were dragged through, and several times within an ace of being capsized in deep ruts and pools of slime, and altogether our coolies had a hard struggle to get along at all. Passed through two small villages, Osawa and Tokujira, at which latter the coolies stopped some minutes for *chow-chow*. Some coolies returning with their empty 'ricksha to Utsu-no-miya from the latter village had evidently been indulging liberally in *saké*, making the shady avenue resound with their boisterous mirth and songs in shrill falsetto. One of them was paying the penalty for his particularly steady gait by having to tow along two *jinricksha*, one behind the other. In the hindmost one reclined his rather more tipsy comrade,

doing his best in aid of the general concert and looking supremely contented.

Utsu-no-miya was reached some time after darkness had set in, our coolies coming in at the finish at a quick trot of eight miles an hour, showing an immense amount of staying power after a run of twenty-two miles in five hours, and over such awful paths. This is a large and busy town of 15,000 inhabitants. Its principal street looks quite lively, illuminated with the numerous paper lanterns and thronged with both civilians and soldiers.

We were much disgusted to find that the chief hotels had "all their rooms occupied," which, being interpreted, meant that they did not want foreigners. We are, however, getting accustomed to difficulties of that sort, and at once went to the police-station, showed our passports, and were promptly accompanied by a little spectacled officer to the best hotel in the town, whose landlord soon found a room for us.

Thursday, 7th July, 1882, Hotel Peyre Frères, Yokohama.—Left Utsu-no-miya in 'rickshas at 6.30 a.m. The road was little better than our yesterday's experience, and, as

then, our coolies had to run along paths on either side of the road. In some places the latter was being superficially patched up, to appear presentable on the Mikado's journey northwards a month hence. The *modus operandi* was by rooting up the weeds on the edge of the swamp and covering the deep ruts with *loose soil*!

The country was generally flat and monotonous, though mountains were visible in the distance. Passed through several small villages, viz. Suzume-no-miya, Ishibashi, Koganei, and Hanekawa, and then through a large one—Oyama—where the roads were very bad with rough stones, and continued so for two or three miles beyond. Passing through Mamada and Nogi, we reached Koga (thirty miles from Utsu-no-miya) at 1.15, just in time to catch one of the small river steamers for Tokio. We steamed all the afternoon down the Watarase-gawa, a clear, broad, and shallow stream, with low reedy banks and occasional villages built on its edge, at whose small wooden landing-places we frequently stopped. The rain came down in torrents, but in the little first-class

saloon, lying on a cushioned floor, sipping the tea an attentive steward occasionally brought, and lazily gazing out of the large stern windows to watch our course, we felt that a lucky star had directed our exchange of the jolting, comfortless *jinricksha* for the river steamer. But there was one thorn in the rose. A rival steamer chasing us astern, and the well-founded belief that our engineer had got the safety-valve tied down, and that we might "rise beyond this mortal sphere" at any moment, caused some slight uneasiness. Our little vessel only drew two or three feet of water, but touched ground several times. The way she twisted round, grazed banks, boats, &c., with perfect precision was a marvel of steering.

About two hours before reaching Tokio the steamer branched off from the Watarasegawa into the Tone-gawa, which gradually narrowed, until in Tokio it became a canal, along which we raised a great wash. We sank two or three small boats, and nearly swamped several others, but our gallant commander appeared to take it quite as a matter of course. The junks and sampans

increased in proportion as we neared the centre of the town, until it became extremely difficult to wend our way among them. At last we arrived at the Ogi-bashi at 8.30, jumped into *jinricksha*, and hurried through the dark, sloppy streets to the Shinbashi railway-station. Arrived at Yokohama at 10.30 after a continuous journey of sixteen hours.

How we did enjoy a capital cold European supper and the prospect of a comfortable bed, in lieu of eggs and rice and flea-ridden mats. One only requires a month in the interior of Japan to appreciate the true blessings of modern civilization.

CHAPTER XI.

IDLE NOTES IN YOKOHAMA.

Population and society—Loss of the United States frigate *Oneida*—An early bird on the Bund—Amphibious grooms—Athletics—The Bluff—China-town—Curio shops and bargaining—French National *fête*—Fireworks at Tokio—Shiba temples.

IN 1880 the European and American residents in Yokohama numbered 1376, represented by no less than fourteen nationalities. The British subjects, numbering 567, lend, however, the preponderating influence, both in the general architecture of the foreign town and in society, the latter, true to the sensitive British nature, being divided into cliques and sharply defined grades. The Anglo-American, French, and German societies are, in themselves, sufficiently large to be independent of each other, and, excepting in the ordinary commercial relations and for the common welfare of the foreign com-

munity, there is but little intermingling. Each of these societies possesses a clubhouse; that belonging to the Anglo-American being a handsome building on the Bund, supplied with an extensive library, reading and billiard-rooms, and every luxury the climate could suggest. From the shady verandah one obtains an uninterrupted view over the shipping in the harbour, and across the blue Mississippi Bay to the Kanonsaki lighthouse at the entrance from the sea.

A little to the northward of this light a sad catastrophe occurred on the 24th January, 1870. The inward bound Peninsula and Oriental mail steamer *Bombay* ran down and sank the United States frigate *Oneida*, by which 140 lives were lost. The collision occurred in the dark, and the captain of the *Bombay*, thinking that the frigate was not seriously damaged, and being anxious to save the mails, continued on his course to Yokohama. He was severely but unfairly censured for unwittingly leaving the Americans to drown. The unhappy man retired from the sea, and died shortly after,—it is said of a broken heart.

The Bund was a very favourite resort of mine in the early morning, before the town was yet astir. One morning in particular I well remember. The air was deliciously cool; no breeze had yet sprung up to fill the drooping square sails of the junks as they lay motionless on the placid bay. The gradual warmth of the sun slowly rolled the mists up the gulf, and revealed a large Mitsu Bishi steamer picking her way cautiously inwards towards the lightship. The shipping off the Bund was gradually beginning to bestir itself. The French mail-boat *Volga* and the huge four-masted *City of Peking* were evidently, from their dense smoke, getting up steam. A boat-load of marines was putting off from the United States paddle corvette *Monocacy*, and several cargo lighters, loaded with half-naked coolies, were being slowly propelled towards a couple of large tea steamers.

Close to the Boating Club some native *betto* or grooms were giving their foreign masters' ponies a morning wash in the salt water. About twenty pairs, men and horses, took part in the entertainment, and if the latter did not enjoy the bath certainly

the former *did*. Some of the men stood up to their waists in the water, grooming, some were swimming their animals; others again carried on a species of tournament, trying to pull each other off in deep water. One and all seemed the happiest of mortals, laughing and chattering incessantly like parrots, and occasionally splashing each other vigorously, or playing some rougher pranks, but always in the best of humour. The ponies, as a rule, walked boldly enough into the water up to their flanks, but as soon as they found themselves out of depth at once turned tail and "made tracks" for the shore as fast as possible. One of the grooms (who had come in for the lion's share of the splashing) I saw riding back to his stables, attired simply in a cotton shirt, pair of bathing drawers, and a pair of Wellington boots, and dripping like a merman!

In the evening of a hot day, the Bund is usually a favourite promenade, and between six and seven o'clock many members of the boating and bathing clubs come from their offices for a swim or row. As might be expected from the facilities offered by so

beautiful a bay, boating is by far the most popular of Yokohama sports.

If one might be allowed to judge from the number and variety of the clubs, the small foreign community must be fervently devoted to athletics and amusements. Almost in the centre of the town, between the foreign and native portions, lies the cricket and base-ball club's ground, which is also, I believe, used for football in winter. In the beautiful public gardens on the Bluff the ladies' tennis club has five courts, kept in the most perfect condition. We found the game here, however, even in the evening, unbearably heating.

A race-course, situated on a hill some distance behind the Bluff, has been the scene of many an exciting, if not important contest among both foreign and native admirers of the ancient sport.

Bicycles of the latest pattern are also in use, although I imagine that their peregrinations do not extend far beyond the Bluff, as the variegated surface of the country roads would militate against the safety of the riders' skulls. Considering that the first

“spider” bicycle ever seen in the United States was one taken by an English gentleman to Boston in 1878, the introduction of the machine into far-off Japan has, to say the least, been rapid.

A *jinricksha* ride among the shady, winding lanes on the Bluff in the cool of the evening is most enjoyable. The aristocratic bungalows (including several consulates) occupy the heights immediately over the bay, and occasional peeps from the road intersecting that locality show a commanding view of Yedo Bay and the Yokohama roadstead. All the residences, from the palatial consulate to the bachelor's cottage, are surrounded by gardens, often extensive and handsomely laid out, with palms, tree ferns, and flowering plants of numberless varieties. The climate seems to be happily adapted to the successful growth of plants from either torrid or temperate zone. A steep descent from the Bluff takes us into a valley cultivated with rice, across which several narrow paths lead towards the numerous little watering-places on the picturesque, indented shore of Mississippi Bay. Thither many residents of the

Bluff send their families during May and August to escape the relaxing heat of Yokohama, and to enjoy the bathing in the clear, tepid water.

In the fall of the year sportsmen find capital pheasant and snipe-shooting among the thick coverts and paddy-fields in the country behind Yokohama.

Of places of worship in the English language Yokohama has four, viz. the English and American Episcopalian churches, a Methodist and a Roman Catholic chapel. The English church is a tastefully decorated and furnished little building, and has a capital organ, but the average congregation at the various services we attended certainly did not exceed forty souls.

The Chinese population in Yokohama numbers 2500, and occupies a distinct portion of the foreign settlement. Its narrow, crowded streets are lined with numerous small tailors, "bootshoe" makers, and fruit-shops; and an unfortunate conglomeration of odours announces the savoury variety of industries peculiar to China-town. It is the almost total absence of these peculiar odours that

so distinctly marks the Japanese towns. John Chinaman is renowned for his love of pork, and, like the little street Arab at the pastrycook's windows, "what he can't get he likes to smell," and this humour certainly is gratified.

The Chinamen have, of course, their joss-houses, and celebrate their religious and social festivals with infinitely more gratification to themselves than to the English community. The evening of a Chinese wedding or other festival is usually signalled by a display of noisy fireworks from the settlement, accompanied by the discordant noises of tom-toms, drums, and other instruments of torture. Complaints, of course, pour in upon the foreign newspapers of the following day, and disparaging criticisms upon the native police; but these are not likely to have much effect while the latter can be paid to keep out of the way.

Two long, wealthy-looking streets in the Japanese town, named the Honcho-dori and the Benten-dori contain the principal curio, porcelain, and retail silk stores in Japan. Many afternoons we spent among these

shops hunting up curiosities. The curio (or strictly speaking bric-à-brac) shops contain old armour, spears, swords, daggers, bows, bronze kettles and ornaments, shrines, and numberless odds and ends.

After the revolution of 1868 the general use of swords was forbidden, and the army having adopted European arms, the old swords, armour, &c., were rendered useless, and immense quantities of the former were sold at nominal prices to the curio dealers of Yokohama, Tokio, and Kobe. Of all the so-called curios at present for sale the amateur collector may most safely rely upon the vendor's guarantee of the genuineness of old swords and armour, as the cost of producing such would far exceed the market value. The sword-hilts are long, covered with white skin from the under-belly of the shark, and braided over with silk or cotton, giving a firm grasp and handsome appearance. The guard is of iron or metal, which, in the more expensive swords, is beautifully worked with flowers, birds, &c., and inlaid with gold and silver. The blades are single-edged, very heavy, and of so fine a temper as to stand

the old test of cutting through four *tempo* (bronze coins as thick as a penny) without turning the edge. The *samurai* always carried two swords, a double and a single-handed one, and usually a dagger stuck through the girdle. The first stroke was always an upward one, in drawing, and as the motion was rapid, and the blade keen as a razor, the British naval officers, in the early troublous times, were always advised to present their revolvers on the least hostile motion of a *samurai*, to guard against assassination.

As a protection against such deadly weapons, the armour is of the heaviest description. The main body of it is made of either small pieces of an extremely hard metal, or of some tough composition in appearance like ebonite, laced together by silk or cotton thread. The more vital regions are protected by iron and bronze plates artistically worked, and the head by a very heavy bronze or iron helmet. How the little Japps could possibly fight under such a ponderous weight of metal is an unsolved problem to me. It must have occupied half a

day to get the ironclad arrangements properly fastened on.

Not much old porcelain can be found for sale; but to my Philistine taste the best modern Tokio, Kioto-Satsuma, Cloisonné, and Owari wares are fully as beautiful as the finest of the famous old brands.

A foreigner may wander at will through the first-class curio and porcelain shops of Yokohama without being annoyed, as in China, by the importunities of the vendors. The latter in many cases affect a profound indifference to the visitor's movements, and only approach on a price being asked or some disposition to buy being shown. In a few of the best shops prices are fixed to strangers, but decline considerably when a resident curio-hunter makes his appearance. In the great majority of cases expertness in bargaining is necessary to secure a fair purchase, often more than double the sum being asked that is ultimately accepted. English tourists, in nine cases out of ten, without the least idea of the value of porcelain, seem to imagine that to arrive at the true value of an article the Chinese or

Japanese vendor's price has only to be halved. With this belief the higher class of merchants have no sympathy, and the tourist, thinking that he has been asked an exorbitant price, crosses the road to a second-rate dealer's, bargains with the latter until the price is reduced one-half, and carries off in triumph an article, in comparison, far dearer than what he might have purchased at the first shop.

In striking a bargain with a Japp, a scene like the following occurs:—

Tourist (indifferently): “*Ikura?*” (How much?)

Japp (promptly): “*Ni-ju-go yen.*” (Twenty-five yen.)

The tourist laughs sarcastically, and offers “*Ju-ni yen*” (twelve yen). The Japp looks round at his shadow, smiles as though at some good joke, and shakes his head. The tourist turns on his heel and strolls leisurely to the door in spite of the Japp's parting shot, “*Ju-roku yen*” (sixteen yen). Just as our tourist is about to step into his *jinricksha*, a clap of the hands recalls him to the shop, to find the Japp with a genial smile and a low

bow only too happy to accept his offer of twelve yen. Such are one's chequered experiences of shopping in Japan.

The purely native portion of Yokohama is the most interesting part of the town, with its densely-crowded streets, affording a constant source of amusement from morn till night. Foreign customs and articles have got strangely mixed up with the native. Fruit stalls, iced drink booths, and halfpenny ice cream men drive an enormous business. There are several native theatres and numerous jugglers to amuse the frivolously disposed.

The 14th of July was the French national festival, and the majority of foreigners in Yokohama, never much averse to an excuse for a holiday, held high *fête*. The town and shipping were gay with flags, and in the evening the French held a banquet in a marquee under the Bluff and opposite to the Grand Hotel. Hundreds of tricolour paper lanterns illuminated the side of the hill, and a large pyrotechnical display was attempted, but proved a decided failure, though the spectators received a sufficient shower of hot

cinders to mark this as a red-letter day—on their clothes. Numerous bombs let off in the streets, and bands of patriotic Frenchmen shouting the “Marseillaise,” kept the town lively until the small hours of the morning. One bomb we saw thrown amongst a number of *jinricksha* men opposite our hotel, and how they did run! What’s sauce for the goose is evidently *not* sauce for the gander in Yokohama. A French festival does not appear to offend the good people, but it is scandalous to allow the Chinamen to hold *theirs*.

On the evening of the 23rd of July a grand ceremony was to take place in Tokio, viz. the formal, annual opening of the Sumida-gawa by the Mikado. The Sumida-gawa was formerly a narrow, shallow stream, but at a great cost it has been broadened and deepened sufficiently to allow of a large traffic being carried on over its waters.

A friend having telegraphed to an inn-keeper to engage a sampan for the evening, we went up to Tokio by a late train, and found our boat in a canal close to the railway-station. We started as soon as

darkness had set in, our boatmen poling us slowly down several gloomy, quiet canals, crossed by an occasional bridge, until we emerged into the broad basin of the Sumida-gawa. It was crowded with hundreds of boats of all sizes and shapes, each of which carried two or more coloured paper lanterns, altogether forming a very brilliant scene. We squeezed our sampan as far as possible into the crowd, and then lay quietly enjoying the scene under the calm starlit sky. Some boats contained a jovial lot of young bachelors, others happy young couples, and others, again, whole families, all apparently of the better class. Every boat was provided with a charcoal stove to keep the kettle boiling, and the ladies of the party had a constant supply of cups to replenish and bean-cakes to hand round. The bachelors appeared to be well supplied with saké, and many had already reached the noisy stage of tipsiness. Every one seemed bent on enjoying himself. Some played the *samiesen*, others sang, and others got tipsy and rowdy. The Mikado and his court had taken up their station at least 250 yards distant, so nothing could be seen

either of them or the ceremony of opening the river. After a fine display of fireworks, every boat started for home as hard as it could go, and in consequence collisions were numerous and the language violent. We had several narrow escapes of being upset, but got nothing worse than several hard bumps.

The following day we paid a visit to the beautiful Shinto shrines of Shiba. They are probably more replete in artistic productions, in wood carving and lacquer, than any other temples in Japan. The grounds contain some magnificent forest-trees, and are beautifully laid out ; but the whole place is remarkably quiet and forsaken. The grand old sanctuaries of the national religion seem fated at no distant day to stand as mere monuments to the long-departed religious zeal of an artistic people, and as museums for the delectation of lovers of art. Of such high value to collectors are the old temple bronze and lacquer ornaments, that robbers are constantly breaking into and despoiling the shrines—one direct and unfortunate result of foreign intercourse with Japan.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIP TO ENOSHIMA, MIYA-NO-SHITA, AND
HAKONE.

Kanazawa—A *fête*—Kamakura temples—Dai-butsu
—A tight little island—The Tokaido—A *kago*—
Miya-no-shita hotels—Hakone pass, village, and
lake—Ashino-yu and its odours—Volcanic hills—
The “Little Hell” at last—Kiga—The way home.

Saturday, July 16th, Enoshima.—Left Yokohama at eleven a.m. in two 'ricksha, each drawn by a tandem of coolies. The road at first led along the uninteresting banks of a canal, and then wound through several flat valleys cultivated with rice, and fringed by low hills covered with trees and underbrush.

At a small hamlet called Seki we had to get out and walk to the summit of a long hill, from which was a beautiful panorama of Yedo Bay, and, far away in the opposite direction,

the omnipresent cone of Fuji. Descending from the crest of the hill a short distance to the No-ken-do tea-house, Kanazawa came in sight, deep below, in a fertile, sheltered valley and on the very shores of an inlet from the bay. Descending into the village we selected an inn, whose garden was plashed by the sea-water, and there remained for tiffin. The mouth of the inlet was almost completely blocked by two or three miniature islands, but though the water looked cool and tempting, the mud and shingle shore forbade bathing. Part of the inn garden was divided off by a narrow deep pond, curved like a moat, and thronged with sea bream (or a similar species), one of which we netted for tiffin. Whiled away spare time by sitting at the edge of the pond and knocking huge sea lice, crawling about the walls, into the water, when a general charge and fight among the fish would ensue.

In the village there appeared to be some description of *fête* going on, in which two enormous, gaudily-painted dragons' heads, with disproportionately small tails of striped cloth attached, were carried at a rapid pace

to and fro over the bridge by about a dozen men to each, who seemed to think it immense fun. Probably it was a ceremony formerly attended with sacred rites, which, in the present days of semi-Western civilization, is transformed into a burlesque.

From Kanazawa to Kamakura the road led over a pretty, hilly country, and occasionally through narrow cuttings.

Kamakura is a large but quiet, almost dreamy village. Once the seat of the Government for over 120 years, its glory has long since departed, and but for the celebrated temples and the proximity of Dai-butsu, might ere this have sunk into oblivion.

Shortly before reaching the village we left the *jinricksha*, and took a footpath up to the large Shinto temples. They contained but little of interest beyond their historical traditions. Some relics of the Shoguns' treasures were shown, including a few handsome swords, a helmet, suit of armour, and an old conch-shell, once used as a trumpet, and still capable of the same service—to those who can blow it. On either side of the broad avenue in front of the temple are some

large lotus ponds, many of the famous lilies being in full bloom.

Two miles beyond Kamakura we discovered the colossal form of Dia-butsu, or Great Buddha, rising above the surrounding trees. The bronze figure stands on a stone pedestal at the head of a short flight of steps, and beside it is the priests' little house. Dai-butsu's expressionless face has looked down upon struggling mortality from its proud eminence for more than six centuries. At one time it was sheltered by a large temple, but this was destroyed by an inundation from the sea in 1494, and has not since been replaced. The priests have opened a subscription list to rebuild the temple on a magnificent scale, at a cost of 37,000 yen (about 4000*l.*), and on the list I noticed the names of a goodly number of Christian (?) Englishmen! Not to speak of the insanity of covering over one of the largest bronze statues known, the conduct of Englishmen in allowing the priests to beguile them into giving subscriptions towards the erection of a heathen temple, is worthy of the severest censure.

There is quite a large chapel inside the figure, and any boarding that exists therein is liberally bescribbled with the autographs and inane remarks of ambitious excursionists from Yokohama.

The following is a table of dimensions of the figure, given in the woodcuts sold by the priest :—

	Ft.	In.
Height	49	7
Circumference . .	97	2·2
Length of face . .	8	5·15
Width from ear to ear .	17	9·2
Round white boss on the forehead	1	3·47
Length of eye . . .	3	11·6
„ eyebrows . . .	4	1·98
„ ear	6	6·54
„ nose	3	9·22
Width of mouth . .	3	2·08
Height of bump of wisdom	0	9·52
Diameter „ „ . .	2	4·56
Curls (of which there are 830): Height . . .	0	9·52
Do. Diameter . . .	0	11·9
Length from knee to knee	35	8·4
Circumference of <i>thumb</i> .	3	0

“The eyes are of pure gold, and the silver boss weighs thirty pounds avoirdupois.”

The image is made of bronze sheets cast separately, soldered together, and finished off on the outside with the chisel.

Dai-butsu being a favourite resort of Yokohama excursionists, both foreign and native, the priests drive a thriving trade both in the sale of liquor and in taking their photographs, standing on various parts of the statue. Although our priest worked on the old and somewhat difficult "wet plate" system, he gave us a capital negative.

Thence to Enoshima (four miles) the road was flat, very sandy and dusty, and we were not sorry to arrive here at 6.30.

Enoshima, though nominally an island, is only separated from the main shore by a sandy strip, a quarter of a mile long, which is never covered except at very high tides. This strip we walked across, followed by the *jinricksha*.

The little village is situated immediately in front of this strip, and appears to be stowed away in about the only part of the island where the centre of gravity could be found. The single steep street is composed of steps like a Valetta alley, and contains little else

than inns, at one of which we secured a very comfortable room, from whose verandah we have a beautiful view of the mainland sea coast.

The island is a lovely spot standing high out of the sea, "a right little, tight little island," surrounded by rugged precipices, broken only by the glen, where the village hangs on. Its sandy neck affords the choice of two splendid beaches for bathing, one of which is always smooth, from whatever quarter the wind may blow. It is consequently a favourite "week end" resort with many Yokohama gentlemen.

We had not been many minutes in the street when we were greeted by Mr. C., of Yokohama, who, we found, owned a pretty little Japanese house on the very shore. In front of the house we found Mr. A., attired only in *panjamas*, busily engaged in a public distribution of prizes to an eager crowd of native *gamins*, and was evidently enjoying the height of popularity. In his hand was an earthenware jar from which he occasionally drew forth a large spoonful of treacle. This was dabbed upon the palm of the next com-

petitor, who instantly licked up the delicious fluid with supreme gratification.

After dinner a swim in the clear, warm sea, and a twilight stroll on the beach, from which Fuji's dark form showed in bold relief against the golden sunset, formed the evening's amusement of our first day's excursion.

Sunday, 17th July, Fuji-ya Hotel, Miya-no-shita.—Up at five a.m., and ran down to the beach, where Ernest, C., and A. had a swim, while I strolled over the sands enjoying the fresh morning air and distant view of Fuji-san and its satellites.

After some tea at C.'s house we ascended through the village to the summit of the island, on which stand the old forsaken shrines. Enoshima is sacred to a Shinto deity, and thence the meaning of the *torii* at the entrance to the village, "that all intruders may know they are treading on sanctified soil." From various points on the summit the peeps over land and ocean, reposing under the bright morning sun, would charm the most callous observer of nature's beauties.

A steep descent (a square yard of level land is a *lusus naturæ* here) down stone steps

deposited us among the rocks on the shore. Scrambling with dainty step over slippery sea-weed we entered a cave—the sight of Enoshima—by a narrow wooden platform. This cave is 124 yards long and thirty feet broad at the entrance, tapering gradually until a small shrine is reached, which confines the tourist's further investigations. There is nothing of interest about the cavern but the halo of departed sanctity and the customary dragon myth.

A man outside offers, for a trifling sum, to dive into the boiling surf and bring up a shell-fish. The offer being accepted, in goes the man, and in half a minute reappears with the shell-fish, which he has, ten to one, concealed about his person the whole time.¹

Returning to the village, we hired a boat with two men, and rowed off on a fishing excursion. After half an hour's study of patience, resulting in the capture of two sprats and an unlimited supply of sea-weed, we pulled into a small cove and enjoyed a delicious bathe out of the boat. Mr. A.

¹ Enoshima is celebrated for shells, corals, and marine curiosities, for the sale of which there are several shops.

(who could not swim) seemed to have the unhappy propensity of getting into water too deep for him. This he did not seem to mind at all, taking it as a matter of course that some one would haul him out when he began to choke, which event was not seldom.

After a jovial tiffin at Mr. C.'s we left Enoshima at two p.m., and driving three miles, joined the Tokaido, "the highway by the sea." This road, as far as Odawara, runs through a populous, picturesque country, with the blue Pacific on the one hand, and a fertile country backed by the lofty Oyama range of mountains on the other. Fuji's lofty, reddish cone lay constantly before us, quite dwarfing the Hakone mountains.

The numerous long villages we passed through were evidently dependent upon the ocean, although the nauseous odours peculiar to British fishing villages were conspicuous by their absence. The shells of that rare crustacea, the spider-crab, were fastened over the entrances to many cottages. Foreign collectors find it of the greatest difficulty to obtain a live specimen.

On the sea-beach numbers of nude children were disporting themselves in the surf, but always entered the water hand-in-hand, either from fear of sharks, or of being carried out by the receding tide. In front of several cottages stood a large tub containing a shark, either whole or sliced up, probably on sale as food.

The Tokaido is in a dreadfully bad state, with ruts and holes large enough almost to swallow a cart, and yet the traffic is very large, both in horse and man-power vehicles.

Passed a Japanese giant on the road, the tallest of his race I ever saw. He must have been seven feet high.

Odawara (twenty-four miles from Enoshima) was reached at seven p.m., shortly after passing a post marking the Yokohama Treaty limits, so we are once more on passport ground. It is a large and busy town of 13,000 inhabitants, but has scarce a decent inn.

Thence, although late, we had to push on to Miya-no-shita. As far as Sammai-Bashi (four miles) the Tokaido wound up the side of a valley, with a brawling river below and

wooded hills above. Near this village we turned up a narrow by-path through the woods, and after a quarter of an hour's walk found ourselves high above a deep gorge, down in which shone the red and white lanterns of Tonosawa, situated on the brink of a roaring torrent. A very steep path brought us to the river, and crossing a wooden bridge we entered the hamlet. Owing its existence entirely to the famous hot sulphur springs, it consists of simply half a dozen inns (some of which are quite pretentious) and several shops for the sale of wood-work articles, for the beauty of which this district is justly celebrated.

The path thence to Miya-no-shita, a distance of four miles, is so rough and steep that *jinricksha* have to be left behind. For the benefit of lazy people, *kago* (pronounced *kango*) may be hired, but we preferred to "foot it." The *kago* is an instrument of torture, carried on the shoulders of two or more men by bamboo poles. To appreciate the feelings of the inmate of a *kago* for an hour's ride, one must sit on the floor with his back propped against the

wall that space of time, but the jolting and jerking must be drawn on the imagination.

One of our coolies had the duty of carrying our bags, while two others lighted the path by paper lanterns, it having now become pitch dark. We were only conscious of steeply ascending a winding valley, and that our path occasionally verged on a precipice, by the roar of a stream in the darkness below. The ground was dreadfully rough, and we were only too glad to reach the Fuji-ya hotel at 9.15, and after a refreshing bath and cold supper to turn into comfortable European beds.

Monday, July 18th, Miya-no-shita. — A heavy, threatening morning with strong wind, made us abandon our plan of starting for Subashiri, *en route* for the ascent of Fuji. Made a start for Hakone, but did not get a hundred yards before the rain came down, which has continued throughout the day.

This hotel is a large, rambling building, owned by Japanese, but conducted and furnished in European style, and, considering that almost everything must be carried up from Odawara, gives a first-rate bill of fare.

Besides ourselves, about half a dozen Tokio ladies and gentlemen are staying here.

The rival hotel is Nara-ya's, a purely Japanese inn, but most beautifully kept, and both a prettier building and better situated than Fuji-ya. While the latter receives none but European guests, the former is much patronized by both native and foreign, the latter being supplied with all necessary furniture, such as beds, tables, chairs, &c. Besides these two houses the village contains nothing but a few woodwork shops.

Large numbers of Yokohama and Tokio residents and families resort to Miya-no-shita during the summer and autumn, attracted by its lovely and healthy situation. It stands above a deep ravine, luxuriating in the densest foliage which shelters a mountain torrent. Along this valley one can see for many miles, on the one hand to the distant ocean, and on the other to the high Otomi Pass. The surrounding mountains are volcanic, and contain numerous hot sulphur springs which supply the various watering-places by means of bamboo conduit-pipes. The baths form an especial feature of the hotels, and being

large and cleanly are patronized by everybody at all hours of the day.

European dress appears to be almost altogether discarded by the gentlemen, who look supremely happy lounging about the verandahs in loose checkered *kimono*.

The greater part of the morning was spent bargaining with numerous old hags for their woodwork wares, such as fancy boxes, puzzles, &c., all of which were neatly executed. Lunch at noon, dinner at seven p.m. Unanimous verdict on the latter was, "Good, but not enough of it."

Mr. E., of London, arrived about dinner-time from Enoshima. We found in him a very welcome and entertaining addition to our little party, and having been over identically the same ground in Japan, spent a pleasant evening comparing notes. He came out *via* India, where he travelled all the winter and got disgusted with the heat, dust, bad hotels, and bad food. Like ourselves he is charmed with the scenery, the people, and the temperate climate of Japan.

Tuesday, July 19th, Miya-no-shita. — Up at 6.45 for the morning tub, and finding the

sun shining brightly, determined on an excursion to Hakone.

Left the hotel at 8.30 with Yoshi and a coolie to carry a few provisions for tiffin. Followed the valley downwards through Tonosawa to Yumoto, another small watering place, whose atmosphere was permeated with the unpleasant fumes of sulphuretted-hydrogen. This was partially compensated for outside the village by the delicious scent of the tiger-lily, which is growing in wild profusion. Lizards large and small abounded, from the homely brown to the lovely little glossy blue. Butterflies also took advantage of the sun's smiling face to appear in large numbers, especially the handsome purple swallow-tail.

A short distance from Yumoto the path joined the Tokaido at the foot of Hakone Pass, which we had the pleasure of ascending. The ascent is seven miles long—a hard “grind” in the hot sun over rough stones, the only break in its monotony being an ever-increasing steepness.

There are three small villages to pass on the ascent, the largest of which (Hata) is

devoted to the sale of woodwork. The road leads up a thickly wooded valley the whole way, and for some distance beside a clear, merry torrent. The summit (3000 feet above sea-level) was gained at 11.20, two hours and fifty minutes from Miya-no-shita. Hakone Lake, a dark, sullen sheet, lay 300 feet below, but the mountain view was entirely lost under heavy clouds. In ten minutes we were resting on the shore under the shadow of tall cryptomerias, and in another ten arrived in the untidy-looking village.

For tiffin we took a room at an inn on the very border of the lake and as soon as possible exchanged our perspiration-soaked garments for *kimono*. Ernest, taking a flat-bottomed boat a short distance from the shore, had a swim in the cool water.

The lake is very deep; in fact, the natives believe that it has no bottom, none having yet been found. A party of American naval officers sounded it last year, but did not touch at 600 fathoms. Unfortunately they had no deep-sea apparatus with them, so the problem is still open to be solved by some energetic mariner. No wonder the

water is dark and mysterious-looking. Treeless hills of volcanic formation environ the lake, which in all probability lies in an old crater.

Hakone is a favourite summer resort, particularly of Yokohama and Tokio missionaries and their families, who, not being on the best of terms with their lay brethren of those cities, probably eschew the gayer Miya-no-shita in favour of dull, damp Hakone.

A dilapidated visitor's book, bearing the marks of rough usage from numerous storm-stayed travellers, was presented for our autographs. Visitors with more confidence than brains, had concentrated their literary powers in making silly, inane remarks upon the scenery, weather, &c., which again were criticized with more wit than civility by anonymous contributors. Altogether it was the most amusing autograph-book I ever came across.

After tiffin we left the hotel, stepped into a boat, and were punted across to the edge of a bight in the lake, adjoining which ran the Tokaido. Ascending almost to the summit of the

pass, we turned up a narrow footpath leading over the mountains to Ashi-no-yu, a watering-place of half a dozen inns, situated on a high, bleak plateau. Its hot sulphur springs are celebrated for the cure of scrofulous diseases, and judging from the awful smell emanating from the bath-houses, it would take a tough skin to resist their charms. The path to this hamlet, being formed of a natural bed of cinders, was hard and comfortable to the feet. The surrounding hill-sides were covered with huge blocks of lava and cinders, and deeply serrated where the lava had flowed in ages past. Grass and shrubs grew rank upon the scene of former devastation. An occasional deep tarn marked the spot where a crater had once belched forth its fire and ashes, the whole scene clearly pointing to the origin of the present harmless sulphur springs.

From the summit of the Ashi-no-yu pass we enjoyed a glorious view, stretching beyond the mountain tops to the blue Pacific, along the coast-line to Enoshima, and even beyond to Mississippi Bay. Deep below to the left, lay the lovely Miya-no-shita valley, an oasis in the desert of bare, rugged mountains.

The narrow path led down a steep slope covered with long grass and numerous flowers. Besides being steep it was extremely slippery, which obliged us, in order to keep our feet, to run the greater part of the way. When once started it was no easy matter to check the speed or stop, but the bamboo alpenstocks helped considerably, and the fear of a tumble did the rest. At a hut called the Dai-ko-ku, three quarters of the way down, we turned to the left, and climbing for some distance up the mountain side arrived at the foot of a brae above which rose numerous jets of steam. These arise from a collection of sulphur springs appropriately named Ko-ji-goku, which being interpreted means "the little hell." Each spring is merely a hole or cranny in a circle of soft, sticky mud containing a large deposit of ferrous-sulphide. The boiling water hissed and gurgled as if struggling to upheave the earth, and its steam, as we stood above the spring almost choked us with the abominable sulphuric odour. Stunted shrubs and grass grew thickly, even among the springs, the vapours apparently not affecting

their vitality. The water was of course far above boiling-point, a fact which one of our coolies, of an experimental turn of mind, soon discovered by severely scalding his foot. About a square rood of ground was honey-combed with extinct wells and small rivulets, and so covered with a dense mass of grass and plants that one's movements had to be conducted with caution. I managed to slip through a shrub into a hole, but it was luckily dormant. The bamboo sticks could not be pushed more than a foot or so down any of the holes, probably from their sinuous course below the surface.

From the springs we descended into the Miya-no-shita valley to the snug little watering-place of Kiga. It is only three-quarters of a mile from Miya-no-shita, lies right on the bank of the torrent Haya-gawa, at the bottom of the valley, and is almost hidden in foliage. Numerous little cascades from the heights above come tumbling down among the trees on the path from Kiga to Miya-no-shita, the loveliest walk in the whole region. Arrived at the Fuji-ya about 5.45, just three hours from

Hakone. Unhappily this is our last evening, as we must reach Yokohama to-morrow night.

Wednesday, July 20th, Yokohama.—Left Miya-no-shita at six a.m., walked down to Tonosawa and Sammai-Bashi, on the Tokaido, where the *jinricksha*, which have had two days' idleness, awaited us. It rained heavily until reaching Odawara, where we emerged into a fine sunny day. Between that town and Fuji-sawa we passed several Yokohama waggonettes and coaches containing foreigners evidently on the summer exodus to Miya-no-shita. At Fuji-sawa our coolies wanted us to take tiffin, but we made them push on another five miles to the White Horse tavern, a genuine British inn kept by a man named Curtis. The property must be held in the name of his Japanese wife, foreigners, according to treaty, not being allowed to own or rent real estate outside the settlements.

Left the White Horse at 3.40, drove another three miles along the Tokaido, and then took a narrow by-path to Yokohama, where we arrived at 5.30, after a journey

of forty-two miles in eleven hours and a half.

The following is the itinerary of our excursion:—

	Miles.
Yokohama, <i>viâ</i> Kamakura to Enoshima	22
Enoshima to Miya-no-shita . . .	32
Miya-no-shita to Hakone and back .	18
Miya-no-shita to Yokohama . . .	42
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	114 miles.
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CHAPTER XIII.

KOBE, KIOTO, AND THE KATSURA-GAWA RAPIDS.

A heavy Pacific swell—Typhoon at Kobe—Picnic to the Moon temple—A Kioto theatre—Gaiety on the river at Kioto—The rapids—A courageous coolie—Kobe clubs—Mermen rampant—The Pacific once more.

ON the 29th July we sailed again for Kobe in the British s.s. *Metapedia*, 2200 tons, mainly with the intention of visiting Kioto once more, and of running the Katsuragawa rapids.

On the 30th, as we approached the light-houses at the entrance to the Kii channel, an enormous swell suddenly set in from the south-east, causing the steamer, which carried little else than some heavy iron in the bottom of the hold, to roll almost bulwarks under. A calm, sunny day had given to the authorities on board a false feeling of security, and for some half-hour or so the

noise resembled that caused by the mythical bull in a china-shop. I happened to be packing some boxes of curios in the ladies' saloon when the first heavy rollers came along, and before I had time to make an escape, the heavy camphor-wood chests turned somersaults upon the floor, discharging their carefully packed contents against my legs. The table came down with a crash, and with each lurch a perfect avalanche of boxes, teapots, swords, &c., came charging down upon my devoted shins. After a lively five minutes engaged in this "light fantastic," a sudden lull gave an opportunity for escape, only to review the wreck of my property and damaged limbs.

Yoshi came in for his share of the general disaster. When comfortably dozing in his *jinricksha* on top of a cargo hatch, he was suddenly transplanted on to the deck, head first, which doubtless rather interrupted the thread of his dreams. After this occurrence he preferred to hang on to a stanchion, apparently under the impression that his last hour had come.

This swell was the precursor of a typhoon

which burst upon Kobe two days later. Steamers lying in the harbour kept steam up for a whole day, and traffic by water was almost suspended. One rather venturesome lighter with a cargo of cotton, sailing across the harbour under a press of canvas, I saw capsized. The naked coolies, however, scrambled upon the boat's bottom, and stood there yelling and gesticulating until they luckily drifted alongside an American sailing-ship, which rescued them.

Standing on the railway wharf, we witnessed an exciting scene during the height of the gale. Alongside a stone jetty, about two hundred yards distant, lay a large Mitsu Bishi sailing-ship, which had been receiving repairs, and was in danger of being dashed to pieces against the stones. In order to save her, a crowd of Japps on the sea-wall attempted to press against the stones to haul her out to a buoy by a stout hawser. A small Osaka steamer happened to be anchored in the way, and, to haul this nearer in shore, about fifty men tugged away with all their might at a couple of frail ropes. These ropes broke again and again, and

each time some swarthy, naked coolie would boldly dive from the sailing-ship into the boiling surf, and swim ashore with a new line between his teeth. Never have I seen danger so readily courted as by these poor fellows, who received for their pluck but little pay and less praise. At any moment they were liable to be dashed to death against the stone jetty, but seemed to bear charmed lives. The men hauling at the ropes on shore were blinded and half choked by the spray dashing up from the sea-wall. One of them managed to tumble into the surf, and but for timely help would inevitably have been drowned. The sailing-vessel was at last hauled out, but the little Osaka steamer received much the worst of the encounter, having her cabins and deck-houses stove in.

Kobe and Hiogo were extremely unpleasant during the gale, the light sandy soil being raised into clouds of blinding dust.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

Monday, August 1st, Kobe.—This evening Mr. H. arranged for a picnic to the Moon

temple on the summit of one of the highest hills (2500 feet) behind Kobe. The path leads through the woods for the greater part of the way, and is very steep, with a long flight of stone steps at the finish.

Beautiful glimpses, over dark ravines, upon Kobe far below, and again across the blue bay to Osaka and the mountains on the opposite shore, amply repaid a hard and quick climb of an hour and a half. On the steps I killed a venomous-looking snake.

Thanks to Mr. H.'s forethought, we were accommodated with capital rooms in the priest's house ; and a first-rate dinner, carried the whole way up by H.'s servants, awaited us. Our host makes his living more as an innkeeper than as a minister of religion, and the Moon temple being the favourite excursion of Kobe residents, he perfectly understands the wants of foreigners. The climb, up to the temple and return, appears to be the test for the merits of pedestrian athletes, and some of the best records seem incredible.

Tuesday, August 2nd, 1881, Kioto.—After breakfast we left the priest's house, making

the descent to Kobe in three-quarters of an hour. Y., Ernest, and I took the 3.25 train for Kioto, where we arrived at six o'clock, and drove direct to Ya-ami's hotel. Took an after-dinner stroll along the main and theatre streets, both of which were crowded with people taking their evening promenade.

With Yoshi as guide we entered the largest theatre, in which we were shown into a little square matted box up in the gallery. The body of the building was the only part at all full, being the lowest-priced, and there the spectators squatted on mats and mutely watched the play. Girls occasionally went round with tea and cakes, but the rough and noisy element, so prevalent in Chinese theatres, was here totally absent, and every one was decently clothed. To reach the stage the actors were obliged to walk along a platform the whole length of the theatre, and placed at one side of the body of the building. Fifteen minutes of shrill falsetto singing, and a band of discordant instruments, sufficed to produce headaches necessitating a retreat. The principal character of the play appeared to be a *sumurai*, who, having

incurred his *daimio's* wrath, was sentenced to perform *Hari-Kiri*, in spite of the pleadings of his wife. This he did by falling upon a sword, amid the falsetto wailings of his spouse. The attitudes and voices of the actors throughout were utterly impossible and meaningless.

Leaving the theatre, we strolled down to the river to cool our bewildered heads. The whole bed of the stream was covered with raised wooden platforms, on which were mats for those who wished to sit down and enjoy the cool evening breeze, and perhaps a little something to drink. Each mat was lighted by a paper lantern, and consequently the effect, looking from the bridge, was remarkably gay. At one spot a crowd of enthusiastic admirers of horsemanship were applauding a man riding a poor beast at a great pace round a small ring, though what drew forth the applause was not apparent. We took seats on the mats and enjoyed (?) a glass of iced sugar and water, which these good people are pleased to dub a "foreign drink."

Wednesday, August 3rd, Kioto.—At 6.30 a.m. we left Ya-ami's on an excursion to the cele-

brated rapids of the Katsura-gawa. Running through Kioto we crossed the level plain, devoted entirely to the culture of vegetables for the supply of the great city, and then struck over the hills by a steep pass. We once more descended into a level, richly-cultivated country, and taking a narrow by-path across the rice-fields, arrived at the head of the rapids at 9.45 a.m. While running along this path at a fast trot, Y.'s coolie, carelessly bumping his *jinricksha* against a large stone, the vehicle capsized, and deposited Y. in a bush on the very edge of a paddy-field, though with no worse result than the loss of his dignity and our gravity.

The river, which has hitherto kept a gentle, sedate course over the plain, at this spot enters a narrow rocky ravine whose walls are almost perpendicular. The stream could not be more than twenty yards broad and its depth is most uncertain. Several boats were drawn up on the strand, one of which we engaged with four men, to run the rapids to Arashi-yama for four *yen* (9s. 4d.). They are all flat-bottomed, about forty-five feet by seven feet, have bows and sterns rising high

out of the water, and draw only two or three inches. Two rough cross-planks serve as the only seats, but this is rather an advantage, the boat being able to carry the *jinricksha* as well as ourselves.

How can I describe the rush down the rapids? No time can be found to review the foliage and precipitous crags, but one's whole attention is rivetted upon the surging waters, and upon the cool, steady boatmen, as with bamboo poles they ward us off from what seems inevitable destruction. For seven miles rapid follows rapid in quick succession, with an interval of calm water between each. Across the latter we are slowly poled or sculled, until a roar below and an impetus to the speed of the boat warns us to hold fast. Then away we dash, quick as lightning, down the boiling torrent, sometimes apparently doomed to be smashed to pieces over a sullen black rock suddenly appearing in the track, but staved off at the last moment by the long bamboo of the man at the bow, or more often by the recoil of the current itself. The bottom of the boat, which is composed of very thin, but tough, supple planks, heaves up

and down under our feet as though made of paper. Sometimes the boat leaps five or six feet over a fall, alighting with a heavy thud, and at such times the bottom planks seem ready to burst with the pressure, and the water squirts in between the seams, requiring constant baling.

All the boatmen remain standing at their work, one with a long bamboo in the bow, two as oarsmen, using broad-bladed paddles, and the fourth steering with a long, heavy oar. We constantly passed boats close into shore, being laboriously towed up stream from the banks by three or four men, but they were invariably empty, having probably carried goods or passengers down. The downward run of thirteen miles occupies but two hours, whereas it takes three times as long upwards.

Just as we dashed into the circling eddy at the base of one of the longest rapids, our boat struck a sunken rock and remained fast, swinging broadside to the stream. Tearing down the stream, not twenty yards behind us, came a heavily-laden cargo-boat. There appeared no escape for us, but quick as

thought, one of our coolies jumped into the deep, boiling eddy, and with one powerful exertion pushed the boat off the rock. Our bow immediately headed down stream, and the cargo-boat, whose coolies had been exerting themselves to the utmost to clear us, harmlessly floated alongside. The man who had so courageously risked his life quietly scrambled in again, and apparently considered the whole thing as a pretty good joke.

These men appear to think nothing of jumping into swift running water, provided it be sufficiently deep. At several of the deepest rapids where there were no rocks, we saw boatmen swimming for amusement, obliquely from one shore to the other; and beneath the small waterfall at Arashi-yama numerous little boys were disporting themselves by swimming down the current. The Japps swim more like dogs than men, using their arms alternately, and beating the water downwards. Although their progress is but slow, they can keep going a very long time, and can almost lay claim to aquatic equality with the Arabs of Aden, or Malays of Singapore.

At Arashi-yama two or three large inns invite the traveller to rest, and at one of these we remained for tiffin, Ernest and Y. took a swim in the river, while I foraged among the hotel tubs for a fish for tiffin, which resulted in an unhappy carp being caught, killed, and fried within a space of thirty minutes.

Arrived in Kioto again at 3.15, and spent the remainder of the afternoon among the numerous porcelain-shops.

After dinner took an evening stroll in the crowded streets, examining the numerous little stalls at the roadsides. Several old curiosities rewarded our search.

Thursday, August 4th, Kobe.—Left Kioto at 3.10 p.m. for Kobe. We originally intended returning *viâ* Nara, but a lazy majority of voters decided on returning direct by rail.

For another week we remained at Kobe, enjoying the hospitalities and numerous amusements which lovely weather and an English community could offer.

There is a capital-club—a low rambling building equipped with every luxury, and situated within an extensive garden. Along-

side lies the cricket-field and its adjoining lawn tennis courts. Within five minutes' walk of the cricket-field is the boating club, the gentlemen's *rendezvous* in the quiet summer evenings. The covered balcony overlooks the placid bay, in which various skiffs and four-oared boats dart about, contrasting strangely with the unwieldy, flat sampans. A pier for bathers, culminating in a spring-board, juts out some fifty yards from the beach. Never did we enjoy such delightful bathing. In the evening the water was deliciously warm, and always clear, so that one could, without injury, remain in the water an almost unlimited time. The end of the pier is invariably the scene of numerous practical jokes, and probably is the merriest spot in (or out of) Kobe during the evening of a hot summer's day. Should an unlucky junk be becalmed near the pier, a deputation of the best swimmers soon boards the vessel (the crew being too frightened to resist), and cuts adrift her sampan, which is towed in triumph to the pier by a tandem of mermen. Half full of water it is left near the beach to await the arrival of one of the junk's crew,

who, on the cessation of hostilities, swims ashore and punts back his boat.

Among the hills behind Kobe there are many delightful walks in wooded glens and past sparkling waterfall. A favourite excursion is by *jinricksha* to Arima, four hours distant, and a very pretty drive. The town is picturesquely situated, and is celebrated both on account of its hot springs and pretty bamboo basket-work.

Unfortunately pressure of time forbade a trip through the far-famed Inland Sea to Shima-no-Saki, which might easily have been made in one of the small native steamers.

On the evening of the 9th of August we left Kobe for Yokohama for the last time, and with sincere regret. The night was lovely; the calm sea sparkled under the bright moonlight, and the foam as it rushed away from the bows shone like molten silver. At eleven p.m. we passed through the narrow, rock-bound Kii Channel, and once more breasted the long Pacific swell.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ASCENT OF FUJI-SAN.

The arm of the law—Darkness on the Tokaido—Village life—Tonosawa by moonlight—A fractious coolie—The Otomi-toge—A pack-horse—Subashiri—The start—Straw sandals—The true ascent—Shelter huts—Awful night on summit—Sunrise—The gorgeous prospect—The crater and its descent—Speedy descent of mountain—A snake's mesmerism—The "Big Hell" solfataras—Return to luxury.

Monday, August 15th, Tonosawa.—A sultry, threatening morning found us bowling along the Tokaido in *jinricksha* on a pilgrimage to the "Peerless Mountain." Frequently the coolies drew up at a tea-house in one of the long villages, for some tea and *chow-chow* brought by rosy-cheeked maidens, or, to rest their tired, perspiring limbs.

My coolie, an ugly but merry fellow, constantly chatting with the villagers as he trotted past, got a great fright whilst taking

his rice and fish at a tea-house. A puny, dignified policeman dressed in white ducks, observing the luckless coolie stark naked (excepting the *maro* or loin cloth), approached him quietly, and gave him a smart rap with his cane. The offender started round, and never did I see a man appear so frightened, whilst abjectly bowing low to the dread arm of the law. He quickly shuffled the small blue rag over his shoulders, which, in the official sense, constitutes clothing, but got a severe rating from the constable, accompanied by a rough shaking. The moment the latter was out of sight, the look of penitence departed, and peals of laughter showed how much impression had been made upon the offender.

This law for preventing nudity in public streets is merely a concession to European opinion, and is justly considered a grievance by the natives, although in the country but little notice is taken either by police or people of the ordinance.

For some time after passing the policeman, our coolies warned all people sitting unclothed in their houses that the "bobby" was coming,

which caused a general scramble for *kimono*. This is but an illustration of the fellow-sympathy and kindly feeling among the *Heimin* (lower classes) of Japan, even though it be a direct combination to thwart the law of the land.

Darkness was upon us long before reaching Odawara, but being a calm, starlit summer's eve, and very warm, the ride was most delightful. Now the road ran close to the ocean shore, on which the dark Pacific's foam-crested billows ceaselessly thundered, and yonder in the bay numerous bright lights betokened the presence of the fishing-boats. Again the road would curve away into an avenue of pines, and steeply descend into a valley, where a village's lights would suddenly come into view. Numerous little fires of straw and chaff down the centre of the street, tended by the little children, threw a ruddy glow over a picturesque *exposé* of the villager's amusements on a warm summer evening. Here and there in front of his cottage stood a father, fresh and tidy after his hot bath, nursing his little child, and appearing the picture of happiness and

contentment, whilst the mother is probably still at work spinning cloth and chatting anon with her liege.

Numbers of men, women, and children are bathing in their wooden tubs, either behind the house or in front, and even in the village street, one large tub sometimes containing a happy family perfectly oblivious of their ridiculous appearance.

The rich, clear notes of *samiesen* float through the air from various houses of revelry, accompanied by the harsh, unnatural voice of the *geisha*, and responded to by an occasional howl from one of the wolfish village curs. The evening being so warm, all the *shoji* are taken down and the cottages visible throughout. In one a little family circle squats on the mats around a boy who, at regular intervals, strikes a bell, with a sound penetrating through the village, and producing a musical variation in the general hum. Whether this bell-striking is some religious rite, or whether only for the musical effect, is not apparent. In several houses *go-ban*—a game lately introduced into England—is going

forward, whilst in others again the dim light and raised mosquito-curtain show that the inmates have retired early.

We were frequently passed by men pushing along, at a great pace, hand-carts containing freshly-caught bonitoes and sharks, which they were anxious should arrive in Tokio before the morning heat could injure them.

Arrived in Odawara at nine o'clock, we dismissed one *jinricksha* and employed the other to carry our baggage up to Tonosawa, while we walked on ahead. The moon had risen, and gave to the secluded valley and sparkling river the phantom glory of fairy-land. At last we emerged into sight of the Tonosawa lights deep in a sombre cañon below, from which the torrent's roar sounded unearthly and weird. Descending the steep path and crossing the bridge we arrived in the village shortly before midnight, and found a welcome at an inn immediately overlooking the river.

Tuesday, August 16th, Subashiri.—Rose betimes to find a dull, close morning. Left Tonosawa at six a.m., and giving our baggage to a coolie to carry, tramped the five miles to

Miya-no-shita, where we took breakfast. The walk along the valley to Kiga, and for a couple of miles beyond, was delightful, but having got so far, our baggage coolie struck work, refusing to go on to Gotemba. We were obliged to run back to Kiga, where we obtained another man, who has throughout the walk proved an excellent fellow. We had now reached the head of the long Miya-no-shita valley, and faced a semicircle of irregular, treeless mountains, clothed in green sward. In order to reach the broad plain at the base of Fuji, these mountains must be crossed by the Otomi-toge, a pass, I believe, about 5000 feet above sea-level. It is without exception the steepest pass I ever crossed, and as we were unfortunate enough to have the hot sun on our backs throughout the ascent, the climb was most fatiguing. Not a drop of water could we procure to cool our parched throats, and in the longest part of the path, leading through high grass, the heat was simply stifling. Rain is usually the abhorrence of the tourist, but a heavy shower, which came on shortly before reaching the summit, proved a refreshing variation.

Fuji was, however, entirely lost to view in the clouds, although we could plainly see the broad fertile plain beneath, with the blue smoke of Gotemba curling lazily upwards, until dissolved in space.

After a quick run for three miles to the foot of the pass, and a mile walk over level ground, we reached Gotemba at 1.30 p.m. It is a wretched village with apparently no excuse for existing at all ; but there chanced to be one good inn.

Here we remained to tiffin, and took a siesta until six p.m., when we started for Subashiri on a couple of pack-horses. To mount upon their lofty straw and wooden elevations, nicknamed saddles, the animals must be led alongside a wall or mound, unless you adopt the more athletic feat of climbing a tree and dropping off one of the branches. Our feet dangled over the animals' necks, and were supported by loops of rope for stirrups. Thus, sitting high over the horse's neck, and with no bridle, one requires to have implicit trust in Providence that the horse will not stumble and land you ten yards ahead. There is no bit—merely a

halter, to which is fastened the *mago's* rope. The animals always go at a walking pace, the *mago* leading on ahead.

The country through which we rode is entirely volcanic, as might be expected from its proximity to Fuji, the land being largely composed of ashes and lava, and the roads consequently very good. Reached Subashiri at eight p.m., the last few miles of our ride being quite in the dark. The sky has cleared and Fuji's grand cone is plainly visible in the starlit heavens.

Subashiri, being the principal place whence pilgrims make the ascent, is composed almost entirely of inns for their accommodation. At present the village is crammed, but we have found ample accommodation at the Kome-ya inn.

Thursday, August 18th, Subashiri.—Yesterday morning we were early awakened by numerous tinkling bells, as parties of devout pilgrims started off on the ascent, reminding me of the morning cattle-bells in the Tyrol. We did not intend starting until to-day, but on pushing aside the *shoji*, Fuji's gigantic form, to the very summit, stood out clear and

sharp against the blue sky. Long strings of pilgrims, looking like white ants against the red lava sides, were crawling almost imperceptibly towards the summit, whose pinnaled rocks seemed to be crowded with devotees watching the sun rise. Such an opportunity to make the ascent must not be missed, lofty mountains being fickle weather-clerks.

Our innkeeper supplied a baggage coolie, whom we loaded with provisions and clothing to protect us at night. We rode pack-horses for the first five miles from Subashiri, the road gently inclining upwards through a forest of larches, maples, &c., as far as the Mma-gayeshi tea-house, beyond which the path is impracticable for horses. At the entrance to this broad avenue, close to Subashiri, stands a lofty *torii*, marking the entrance to the "Holy Mountain," within whose precincts quadrupeds were not formerly allowed.

The Mma-gayeshi, where the real ascent begins, we reached at 10.30, and there exchanged our boots for light *waraji* (straw sandals), in which one is less liable to slip.

The lava cinders soon wear them out, necessitating each person to carry three or four extra pairs. Another drawback to their use is that the thong between the great and first toes produces distressing abrasions to a novice in their use, and the straw sole does not sufficiently protect the foot from hurt against sharp pieces of lava and stones. They are peculiarly adapted, however, to a mountain like Fuji, where a firm footing is essential.

Beyond this tea-house the path led steeply through a dense forest of stunted pines, gloomy and humid under the clouds which had now settled upon the mountain. We frequently passed bands of pilgrims on the descent, all clothed in white, their approach being heralded by the leader's tinkling bell, as they wound, Indian file, through the forest. Small shrines and filthy mat sheds for the sale of tea, water, and *saké*, were frequently passed. In the former, priests sold native guides to the mountain, profuse in incomprehensible illustrations, or *gohei*—little paper banners supposed to represent the presence of the gods. The latter are

seen stuck upon small stone cairns and in the cinders all over the mountain by devout pilgrims.

On leaving the forest we emerged upon the black waste of lava and ashes, which cover the sides from this point to the summit, 7000 feet above, the whole scene being weird and desolate. The summit was visible for the remainder of the ascent, looking tantalizingly near in the pure air.

Fuji is an honest, straightforward mountain. It does not practise any of those numerous deceptions, with which all other mountains delight to beguile the weary tourist into the belief that the culminating point is at hand, only to hurl him again into the depths of despair when another half-dozen ridges playfully come into view. Not so with Fuji. Its towering summit acts as the guiding star, and like a magnet draws the ambitious mountaineer ever upward, until he feels that he must "do or die."

There is scarce any path over the lava, the route being distinguished by the numerous cast off sandals of pilgrims. The ascent and descent paths are united in the forest,

but on the cinders are about a quarter of a mile apart. Long columns of pilgrims were ascending and descending, their white costumes clearly defined against the dark lava.

On the ascent path there are ten shelter-huts, each stationed about 700 feet above the other, built of rough blocks of lava, with heavy stones on the roof to keep that necessary appendage stationary during the howling winter gales. Water at two *sen* per miniature cupful, and coarse rice can be obtained, and for those who do not object to dirty mats and numberless fleas, a night's lodging also.

We made two stoppages, taking some light Japanese food, consisting of rice, raw eggs, and stewed mushrooms, and changing our torn sandals for fresh ones. Our coolie seemed to find it awfully hard work with the baggage, so he was allowed to take his own time.

The most trying part of the ascent was the last 2000 feet, sometimes up steep, sharp ridges of hard lava, and again ankle deep in loose cinders, giving way at each step, while the rarefaction of the atmosphere produced a strange oppression and headache, turning our

faces and hands quite yellow. Some friends who had made the ascent told me that several of their party were quite unwell the whole time they were on the summit from the latter cause.

The summit was reached just as darkness set in, a bitterly cold wind and dense cloud arriving in company with the night. Out of a row of a dozen rough, low shelter-huts, most of which were thickly packed with pilgrims, we happily found one empty, and hired it for the night.

Some bowls of hot, fermented rice soup, together with hot *saké* and tea, soon restored our spirits; but the smoke of the wood fire, for which there was no outlet, nearly blinded us. The hut consisted of but a single small room, of which three sides were of rough blocks of lava, showing numberless crannies, whilst the front was inefficiently protected by a wooden shutter. The mats and the few appurtenances it contained were alike filthy, though happily the temperature, and perhaps the ascent, tabooed the little social pests.

Our host, poor mortal, who was afflicted

with a hollow, consumptive cough, shivered and brewed *saké* over the wood fire, while we, wrapping up in all available clothing—scanty enough—composed ourselves to sleep on the damp, uneven mats. But Morpheus we wooed in vain; the thunder growled or rattled like artillery, and vivid streaks of lightning lit up the heavens and played all around the summit; the rarefaction oppressed our lungs, and the bitter cold wind, which must have been some degrees below freezing-point, whistled through the numberless cracks and crannies, benumbing our bodies which but yesterday had sweltered in ninety degrees on the plains below. That wretched night I never can forget! At last came dawn; and with it the tinkling of the pilgrims' bells as they issued forth to the sunrise. The morn was lovely but bitterly cold. Most of the pilgrims took up a freezing position on top of a rocky pinnacle, but we sheltered ourselves from the keen wind under the lee of some boulders of lava.

At last Aurora peeped forth from the purple mist, tinging with lovely crimson hues the jagged, snow-clad peaks of the distant Nikko-

san mountains, clearly defined against the north-western sky. The pilgrims to this glorious shrine, on bended knees, clapped their hands to call the attention of the gods, shivered through their orisons, and rubbed their chaplets. These ceremonies over, every one commenced the circuit of the crater, sunwise, a distance of three miles over eight jagged lava peaks. From a peak on the opposite side the clear sharp shadow of the mountain could be seen stretching over the plain below, reminding me of the Righi's shadow on Mount Pilatus.

As the mists gradually rolled from the valleys beneath, a wonderful panorama of lakes, mountains, and valleys opened before us. In the south-east lay the broad Pacific, with its beautiful bays and eccentric coastline; apparently immediately beneath lay the deep winding lake of Hakone, surrounded by its girdle of mountains, which a few days ago appeared lofty, but seemed now mere mole-hills. In the far west, pink in the morning sun, could be seen the lofty peaks of Central Japan, with the conspicuous, active volcano of Asama-yama. In a very clear atmosphere

the Sea of Japan in the west, and the Inland Sea in the south, can be distinctly seen, but the height of the mountain is too great to do justice to the beautiful country below. No mountain in the world can equal Fuji-yama, either in appearance, or in the view from its summit. In Switzerland or the Andes no mountain is without its rival, and therefore cannot have an uninterrupted view, whereas Fuji stands alone in solitary grandeur, 12,500 feet high, without a rival in the realm which lies like a map at its feet.

No one can help revering the majestic cone, and it is little wonder that such lovers of the beautiful as the Japanese willingly worship it, or that the Shinto priests have ever wielded it as a powerful sceptre for the advance of their faith.

Tradition says that Fuji arose in a single night, Lake Biwa being simultaneously formed.

In two little sheltered nooks on the crater's edge stood priests' huts, at which the pilgrims were careful to have their garments stamped in red ink, with huge seals, as proof of their ascent.

The crater is a huge amphitheatre, 550 feet in depth, 1800 feet in diameter, and with sides perpendicular precipices, except in one spot where the rocks have fallen in. At this place we carefully scrambled down, taking care not to move any of the large rocks, which might have hurled us with them to the bottom. The bed of the crater is merely a circular basin of sand, with fused cinders and enormous blocks of lava scattered around, while a small stream of water, flowing from a huge bank of snow, mysteriously disappears in the depths below. Very few foreigners have ever descended the crater, and pilgrims do not attempt it; but a number of Shinto priests clad in purple robes, who had watched our safe descent, followed very slowly and gingerly. On reaching the bottom they climbed on to the flat surface of a huge block of lava, knelt down, clapped their hands, and chanted prayers to Fujisengen, the god of the mountain. The edges of the precipices high above were fringed with a crowd of pilgrims, none of whom, however, ventured down.

The last eruption occurred in 1707, and

since then the volcano has remained dormant, if not extinct. From various little cracks in the rocks on the south side of the crater I noticed that steam issued, and a rumbling noise could be heard some distance beneath the surface ; I therefore imagine the mountain to be merely dormant.

Ascending the crater again we made a second circuit round the summit, and then started down the mountain about noon. The cinders were almost knee-deep for a long part of the descent, and my straw sandals went all to pieces in five minutes ; so I had to return to boots. Unfortunately we could not resist the impulse to run down the steepest slope, and being accompanied by several hundred weight of cinders, found it impossible to control our course, and received the maledictions of many an irate pilgrim for a tumble.

About half-way down took shelter to escape a storm that was imminent. We got nothing worse than a little hail, though a heavy thunderstorm raged 1000 feet beneath.

The change from the bare lava to the cool green forest was most refreshing. At one of the rest-houses, about half-way through the

wood, we found two Yokohama acquaintances indulging in the fragrant weed. They had taken six hours to come this distance (not one-fourth of the ascent) from Subashiri, and wanted to know if it were much farther to the top! I doubt if they will ever get beyond the forest.

Re-entered Subashiri at five p.m., with laurels stamped on our 'kerchiefs by the priest, to indicate that we are *bonâ-fide* pilgrims to the "Sacred Mountain," and that now our path to heaven will be easy.

The times taken on the ascent and descent were:—

Ascent:—Actual time	6½ hours
„ Stoppages	2¾ „
	—
	9¼ hours
Descent:—Actual time	3½ hours
„ Stoppages	1 „
	—
	4½ hours

Friday, August 19th, Miya-no-shita.—Astir at sunrise to find a glorious day, with Fuji's summit so clear as to almost tempt us to make a second ascent.

Left Subashiri for Miya-no-shita at 6.30, passed through Gotemba at 8.10, and after a fast walk reached the summit of the Otomitoge at 10.30. The heat was intense, its fierceness not even tempered by a breath of wind. Our only rest was half an hour spent on the summit enjoying the glorious view of Fuji on the one hand, and the Miya-no-shita valley and azure Pacific on the other.

When tramping down into a shady glen in the valley near Kiga, I suddenly came upon a big snake lying in the middle of the path. His body was coiled, but head erect and on the point of swallowing a poor little green frog, apparently mesmerized into a state of stupefaction. I quickly killed the snake, and the frog after remaining a minute or two motionless, apparently being still inanimate, at last gleefully hopped away. It was quite an interesting little scene, distinctly showing the strong mesmeric power exercised by reptiles upon their prey.

Arrived at Miya-no-shita at 2.30, and took up our quarters at Nara-ya's native inn, our habiliments being in too great a state of

dilapidation to be presentable at the Fuji-ya's table-d'hôte.

Saturday, August 20th, Miya-no-shita.—Awfully hot day. Made a little excursion in the morning down to the Dogashima baths beside the river rushing beneath us, but the sun became so unbearable that I came straight back. Fit for nothing during the heat of the day but to alternately bathe and take siestas on the cool verandah.

At three p.m., when the air commenced to cool, we started on a walk to the O-jigoku ("Big Hell") sulphur springs. After an hour's hot climb up a narrow path leading over grassy hill slopes, we reached a narrow cañon, which from base to summit was honeycombed with boiling springs. Columns of steam arose and joined in a cloud over head, producing a disagreeably strong smell, whose poisonous breath had blighted and rendered hideous all shrubs and trees in its proximity.

The cañon culminates in a grand amphitheatre of rocks, amongst which bubble up the most active springs, the whole scene having a wild hellish appearance which

almost justifies its suggestive name. A dark red stream hurries down the gorge to join the river Haya-gawa, while numerous bamboo conduit-pipes carry the healing water to bathing resorts in the valley below.

The springs deposit largely alum, sulphur, and iron, some bubbling up mixtures of all three, while other waters are impregnated with the one ingredient only.

The whole of this country must be a mine of mineral wealth, which wants only European machinery and enterprise to be developed.

The larger springs made a loud gurgling and hissing noise, and stones thrown in were speedily and forcibly ejected. The ground in many parts sounds hollow, and is little better than a crust, so it behoves the tourist to be very careful in wandering among the springs, several lives having already been lost through careless footing.

Climbing gingerly among the solfataras to the top of the ridge, we were rewarded by a glorious view. Below us to the left lay the placid Hakone Lake, and far above its over-

hanging mountains towered the old familiar but ever lovely form of Fuji. Turn where one would jagged peaks, sunny hill-sides, dark forest-covered valleys met the eye in wild but picturesque confusion. The slope immediately below us led downwards to the lake, and was covered with a mass of shrubs consisting mainly of box and *Andromeda Japonica*, amongst which lay the basins of extinct springs. Midway between the ridge and the lake lies a hamlet named Ubago, whose hot springs have a great reputation for the cure of eye diseases.

One hour's quick walking brought us back to Miya-no-shita, where, after another hot bath, followed by dinner, we spent the evening in happy idleness.

Sunday, August 21st, Yokohama.—Left Miya-no-shita at six a.m., and walked the eight miles to Odawara in an hour and a half.

At the latter place hired a Japanese wagonette for Kanagawa. The vehicle did not appear to possess any springs, and the horses seemed about to die—we even fancied their bones rattled. Changed these skeletons for

others three times on the way—probably to bury them near their old homes.

Tiffined at the White Horse tavern. Mr. C. wanted me to shoot some large foxes which have been killing his fowls, but it's too hot to make poaching enjoyable, so declined.

Arrived at Yokohama at six p.m., happy in the prospect of once more being privileged to rest in the luxuries of ice and cool sea-breezes.

Fuji-san is overcome, and my last ambition in Japan gratified.

CHAPTER XV.

HAKODATE (YEZO).

The *Tamaura-Maru*—Hakodate and Harbour—Missed the Mail!—An attempt at sport—Producing fish manure—The seaweed and salmon industries—Northern adventurers—A native feast—A Yezo pony—Preparations for the Mikado.

Friday, August 26th, s.s. Tamaura-Maru, eight p.m.—Had a beautiful sail down Mississippi Bay, with a fine fresh breeze from southwest. Glorious view of Fuji at sunset. Have just passed Vries Island, and are now heading northwards.

The *Tamaura-Maru*, Capt. Carrew, is a trim little Mitsu Bishi¹ steamer of 559 tons register, goes about ten knots, and has a

¹ The Mitsu Bishi s.s. Co. is fostered by the Government, receiving a large annual subsidy, and having the practical monopoly of the coasting-trade. It possesses nearly fifty steamers of various sizes, and mostly of British build.

comfortable little saloon. The first and second officers and first and second engineers are British, all the rest of the crew being natives, and a more idle, good-for-nothing lot than the latter I never saw. There are also Japanese officers on board (with a separate cabin on deck), whose sole duty is to attend to the cargo and business of the ship, with which matters the captain has nothing to do. All told, this little boat has a crew of no less than forty-five men, at least half of whom have nothing to do.

Saturday, August 27th, s.s. Tamaura-Maru, 38½° N. 142° E.—A glorious day, with delicious breeze that makes one quite drowsy. We are now in the vicinity of the juncture of the Kuro Siwo and cold Arctic current, and consequently have been continually steaming into banks of fog, in which we were obliged to go half-speed.

Saw three large whales quite near us, at different times, sometimes "blowing" and sometimes rolling lazily along the surface.

The sea is much warmer than the air, the former registering 78°, the latter 76°. Numerous shoals of fish ruffled the calm

surface, betraying their whereabouts to hundreds of gulls, Cape hens, &c., which flocked to the feast.

Have seen no land all day.

There is still a long Pacific swell on, but not sufficient to prevent us taking our meals under the awning and the poop.

Captain C. appears to enjoy sailing up into these wild northern seas, mainly, I imagine, because sport and dangerous navigation lend a spice of excitement, which relieves the monotony of a sailor's life.

Sunday, August 28th, Tamaura-Maru, eight p.m., in the Tsugara Straits.—Dense fog all last night and part of this morning, so vacillated between slow and half-speed, besides sounding the whistle every two or three minutes. Cleared up about eleven a.m., and turned out a lovely day. The coast about ten miles off very rugged and said to abound with bear, boar, and deer.

Rounded Fuji-ishi point and lighthouse about seven o'clock, and are now steering direct for Hakodate Head.

Monday, August 29th, Hakodate Bay.—On reaching the deck at 6.30 a.m., found we

were lying alongside an old hulk in the harbour, which had formerly been the Peninsula and Oriental mail steamer *Massilia*. Her spacious promenade deck is still unspoilt, but her glory has long since departed.

The harbour is completely land-locked, and but for a narrow neck of land would disconnect the town and Head from the mainland. For ingress or egress, vessels must take a semicircular course round the Head.

The west-end of the town slopes from the base of the head down to the harbour, and the east-end lies upon the flat neck of land. Earthwork fortifications guard the entrance from the bay to the harbour. Altogether Hakodate bears a striking resemblance to Gibraltar in its natural features, the harbour being, however, far more sheltered.

Close in shore lies a fleet of junks and schooners, while in the deep water, about half a mile from the shore, are anchored several large Mitsu Bishi boats.

The town looks dismal and cold with its grey houses, and broad, empty streets running up from the beach. Hakodate being famous for its heavy winter gales, the over-

hanging roofs are all heavily weighted with stones, in no way detracting from the uncouth appearance of the place.

After breakfast went ashore with the captain to the Mitsu Bishi office, and afterwards strolled through the town. The streets are everywhere broad, as a precaution against the recurrence of another such disastrous conflagration as that in which over half the town was swept away about a year ago. The shops are all protected with sliding windows, to repel the dust in summer and cold in winter. There is not a foreign store in the town, although a Treaty port, the dozen or so foreign families obtaining their necessary supplies of clothing, &c., direct from Yokohama. There is but one little place used as a foreign hotel, an ordinary Japanese house, fitted up with one or two beds, &c., so I am already beginning to revolve in my mind the difficulties of obtaining good accommodation after the *Tamaura-Maru* leaves. The latter is to sail for the Kurile Islands on Wednesday, and will load there with salmon for Yokohama.

The bungalows of the missionaries and Eu-

ropean merchants lie on the hill-side behind the town, and are surrounded with pretty gardens and groves of trees. On the side of the hill facing the Tsugara Straits is a small but tastefully laid-out park, in which stands a museum containing a collection of birds, reptiles, &c., and various curiosities of Yezo.

A couple of lawn tennis courts at one end of the park betray British influence.

A handsome American sailing-ship, the *Benj. Sewall*, 1500 tons, is loading sulphur for San Francisco in the harbour; and having long wished to take a trip in a sailing-ship I have engaged my passage in her. This change of plans necessitated writing to Yokohama to cancel my passage in the *Oceanic* for the 10th September, and to have my heavy baggage sent on to Hakodate. Capt. C. and I left the shore at 10.30 p.m. in H.'s boat to take my letters on board the *Chishima-Maru*, which was advertised to sail at ten o'clock for Yokohama. Pulling slowly in the darkness out of the maze of junks, Capt. C.'s exclamation, "By Jove! She's off!" drew my attention to the steamer's red port-light moving slowly out about 200 yards distant.

She was off sure enough, but by an accident we were fated to be in time.

Watching the lights until about a quarter of a mile distant we saw them suddenly stop, and remain stationary. We rowed up to the steamer, and found her hard and fast on a bank, her engines, without avail, going full speed astern. Capt. C. took my letters and jumped on board to help his brother officer in distress. I hovered round in the boat until near midnight, being run into every now and then by clumsy sampans, but at last got tired of it and rowed back to the *Tamaura-Maru*, leaving the *Chishima* with her bow on the same spot.

Tuesday, August 30th, Hakodate.—Roused up at five a.m. by Carrew's stentorian voice, to make a start after the snipe. He had not been to bed at all, having only just arrived from the *Chishima-Maru*, which had been towed off the bank by another Mitsu Bishi boat.

Started with our dogs and guns at 5.30, going ashore at the eastern extremity of the town, where a broad stretch of moorland commences.

The sun had only just risen when we reached

the moor, and the grass and heath were soaking wet with dew. I started the ball by flushing and dropping a quail, which, however, the dogs could not find in the tall, thick grass. Tramping along for another ten minutes, we suddenly flushed three quail. Both guns were levelled at the first unfortunate, and he fell very much shot indeed. Carrew bagged the second, but the third got off, as I carried only a single-barrelled piece. Worked now along a ditch, where Jack started a moorhen, which C. promptly dropped, but she dodged us, and ran so fast that she ultimately escaped. I now tried an embankment, but saw nothing, while C. bagged two landrail on the moor. Then I bagged a moorhen, and shortly after a wretched little quail fell to both guns. After this I bagged a quail, which finished our morning's poor sport. The quail and landrail were all young birds, and very poor flyers. Flushed four snipe, but a long way off, and very wild. The moors are netted almost every night, so it is no wonder that the snipe are few and wild. Numerous large hawks hovered around us, but always careful to

keep beyond range. Such is Hakodate sport.

Returned to steamer at ten a.m., where I changed my wet clothes, and had a swim in the bay. I had, however, chosen a wrong tide and time, for the calm water was redolent with putrid fish, and I came out with anything but the perfume of Araby.

One of the largest exports from Hakodate to China is fish manure, made from the enormous shoals of sardine fish caught in the bay. Looking over the steamer's side into the clear water, one constantly sees these shoals, literally dense masses of small fish, and anon among them darts a large fish, whose prey rush off at his approach. These fish are delicious eating, although too common to be of any value in the town, as any one with a fishing-line can haul out sufficient for a day's food in half an hour. It was quite an interesting sight to see the fish being netted as we came off, and at the landing-place we saw the whole process of converting them into manure.

Immediately in front of the boiling-down place, an enormous net stretched for some

distance into the harbour. This led by gradually narrowing entrances into smaller nets, and to drive the fish into these, numerous men and boys, standing up to their shoulders in the shallow water, kept up a vigorous and concerted splashing and shouting. As soon as a haul is made, charcoal fires are lighted on the strand, and the fish boiled down in large cauldrons. After the oil is all boiled out of them, they are spread out on mats in the sun to dry, afterwards pressed into compact masses, which again are cut into blocks of a certain weight, packed in straw covers, and shipped off in steamers to Tokio, Osaka, or Shanghai. The highest value is attached to this manure by the Chinese farmers for the nourishment of their cereals. The oil is also, of course, of considerable value, being extensively used as a lubricator.

The stench arising from the filthy putrid refuse on the beach is awful. One literally walks on ground composed of the remains of fish, and when the tide is slack the whole harbour is polluted with its scum, *vide* my experiences this morning. Dozens of fat,

sleepy hawks and gulls perch on posts around the landing, while the net is being hauled in, patiently awaiting the choice morsels. No one takes any notice of them, and they are consequently as tame as barn-door fowls. All Hakodate seems enveloped in the perfume of departed fish, though in the town the smell is not putrid but *cured*.

Mr. H. told me that these fish are the finest sardines, even finer than those caught off the French coast. It is unfortunate that the people waste these useful fish, but they have no idea how to cure them, and, like dogs in the manger, would strongly oppose any foreigner who attempted it. No doubt at some future date, when the people are a little more enlightened, an enormous and lucrative business will be done in curing these sardines.

Among other great industries of Yezo is that of collecting a sort of "dulse" seaweed all around the coasts. It is brought to Hakodate in small coasting steamers and schooners, and thence despatched in the large Mitsu Bishi steamers in enormous quantities to Shanghai. It is thence distributed to

various parts of China, being chopped up and used with food in the place of salt, upon which there is a heavy import duty. This is the beginning of the seaweed season, and two or three steamers are now loading it, packed into small bundles, in which state, I am told, it is worth about \$45 per ton at Shanghai. The entire export trade of Hakodate is in those primitive commodities which characterize a newly opened wild country.

Enormous quantities of cured salmon are now being brought here from the Ishkari River on the West Coast, and from the Kurile Islands, where they are caught in incredible numbers. Several schooners and small steamers are discharging whole cargoes of them into lighters, in which they are taken ashore, assorted, resalted, packed in straw, and transhipped to Tokio or Osaka. The fish are thrown about and handled by the coolies as carelessly as lumps of coal, and a large percentage is thereby lost, as well as by inefficient curing. Between the salmon and seaweed exports, Hakodate harbour is kept full of shipping during the autumn.

This is a large market for deer, fox, sea

otter, and seal skins. The deer, which roam in countless herds in the interior, are butchered in large numbers by the Japps in winter, when the snow is too heavy for the poor animals to escape. They are all of the one species, *Cervus sika*.

The seal and sea otter hunting is a perilous, daring occupation followed by several British and American skippers, who, owning small schooners, manned by a picked crew of shooters, run up to the Northern Kuriles each summer, and spend their whole time searching for the animals. Should the vessels be caught on a lee shore, or among the numerous reefs by a heavy gale, their doom is sealed. Two or three schooners are lost every year, and it is rare when a single soul is saved from them. The sea otters are shot from the boats, but the seals are clubbed or killed with hatchets among the rocks. Should the elements be propitious, pelt abundant, and Russian cruisers not over-watchful, the schooner may soon be filled, and Hakodate reached in time to set out on another cruise before the close of the summer. As much as \$25,000 is sometimes made in a

single summer by one of these little vessels, sufficient for the skipper to retire if he is prudent, but, like most daring speculators, he is tempted to try his luck once too often, and another schooner with all hands is added to the list of the "missing." Sea otters are few and difficult to bag, their skins being therefore extremely valuable. An extra large one shown to me by Mr. H. was valued at 45*l*. in its undressed state.

Hakodate used to be the great junk port of Japan, but these unwieldy craft, though still here in considerable numbers, are being rapidly supplanted by neat little fore-and-aft schooners. Several of these are now on the stocks in the building-yards.

After tiffin went ashore with Captain C., taking my baggage to the Musashino inn (native), where Mr. H. had kindly engaged a room for me. At Mr Henson's house we found Captain B., and Mr. M., and Mr. C., of Tokio, all of whom had just arrived from the capital, Sapporo. They have been salmon-trout fishing in a river near Sapporo for two or three months, and have had good sport.

The two former go up to the Kurile Islands in the *Tamaura* to-morrow. Captain B. sketched out for me a five days' trip round the lakes to Mori on Volcano Bay and back, which I hope to follow out in a day or two.

This evening it is blowing a whole gale from the east, accompanied by a drizzling rain, so have made myself as comfortable as possible on the mats in the inn, and been reading "Under Two Flags" all the evening.

Wednesday, August 31st.—Some singing-girls in the next room kept me awake until the small hours with their wailing songs and the twang of their *samiesen*. Tastes differ about their music, but rather than run the risk of another such concert I have changed my quarters to the comfortable cabin of the *Benj. Sewall*, which lies quite near enough to the town for comfort.

The gale is blowing harder than ever and both steamers and sailing-vessels are detained in the harbour for safety.

Thursday, September 1st.—This certainly is the City of the Winds. The gale is blowing unabated, and on going to H.'s I found the same crew to whom we had already said

good-bye half a dozen times, the *Tamaura-Maru* still not daring to sail.

This evening I was invited to a Japanese dinner-party by Mr. M., who had also asked two native families. B. was too lazy to go, so Mr. Dimmock and I started together, and after half an hour's walk arrived at a beautiful little inn, situated in a sheltered valley near the sea-shore. Found the others already there, and on the arrival of the natives the feast began. Squatting on our heels on the mats we formed a circle, in the centre of which were placed the little dishes, teapot, miniature cups, &c.

The following, as near as I can remember, was the menu :—

1. Split pears and shell-fish soup.
2. Stewed mushrooms and chrysanthemum blossoms.
3. Fried eels and relishes.
4. Grilled cod do.
5. Fried fish of some sort.
6. Savoury omelette.
7. Raw fish (very like cod).
8. Dish of stewed mixed vegetables (awful flavour).
9. Do. shell-fish and pickles.
10. Large dish of rice.

Tea was at first served, and the oldest lady

did the honours of the feast. Bottles of hot *saké* soon appeared and were emptied and filled again and again during the feast. Tiny little cups without handles were used for this liquor, and when emptied it was the correct thing for a gentleman to throw his across to some lady of his choice or *vice versa*, calling the chosen one by name. The cups are thus kept in motion throughout the dinner, producing a decided effect upon the equilibrium of the native guests, though the spirit is too weak to affect Europeans.

Instead of helping each guest from one or two large dishes, the attendants give to each person a small lacquer tray on which are probably half a dozen little bowls of relishes, &c. to be eaten with the more solid food. No dishes are taken away after once being brought in, and therefore towards the close quite a bewildering array occupies the centre. Chop-sticks of course form the sole connexion between the viands and the diner, and woe to the unhappy mortal who has not yet learned to manipulate these symbols of an ancient and barbaric civilization! The rules of etiquette are fully as stringent

as in the best European society, though of a totally different nature.

To eat much at the commencement of the meal is bad manners, showing a vulgar haste to appease the appetite. Another odd custom is that of carrying away, in little lacquered boxes provided by the host, whatever may be left at the end of the meal. This is considered a compliment to the host.

The dinner altogether lasted two hours, and I was far from sorry when the curtain fell, the cramped attitude, sitting on one's heels, being very unpleasant to a tyro in the art.

Friday, September 2nd.—A wretched Scotch mist shrouded the grey town all the morning, during which all outdoor work ceased, as it invariably does if the coolies can invent the shadow of an excuse. The *Tamaura-Maru* sailed about daylight, and B. leaves this evening for Yokohama, whence he sails next week in the *Oceanic* for Frisco. The foreign community is thus rapidly dwindling, and I am already beginning to realize the "charms of solitude" in this out-of-the world spot.

H. has a Yezo pony. Not that this fact is in any way remarkable, but the pony is a small curiosity in its way. H. kindly put the animal at my service, so this afternoon I hied me to the livery-stables and ordered one of the numerous native ostlers to saddle the pony.

This evidently created a sensation, and my suspicions were further aroused by the anxious expectancy of the crowd assembled to see the start, all keeping, however, at a respectful distance. Scarcely had I mounted, when the crowd dispersed as the pony dashed through them straight for the small stable door. To kick my feet out of the stirrups and slip over the tail was the work of an instant, none too soon to escape decapitation. The crowd seemed to appreciate this immensely, and to be thankful they had not thrown away their *sen* in going to the circus.

However, "never venture, never win:" a start was again effected, and by the gentle persuasion of a thick stick, proved a complete success. With a sidelong movement, somewhat like a crab's, we gently ambled along the

streets towards H.'s house, my charger's behaviour being supreme, barring an occasional desire to run home at the street corners, and to enter various provision stores. At last H.'s was reached, and I dismounted. Scarce had I done so when the little rascal threw himself back with all his force, and wrenched round and round until we both came to grief over a heap of sharp stones, when to escape further damage, I let go the reins, and my last view of him was galloping back to his stables, with H.'s boy in full cry after. That's the last time a Yezo pony will have the honour of my company.

Two large Japanese ironclads, a British gunboat, and the handsome Mitsu Bishi steamer *Sumida-Maru* have arrived in the harbour.

Saturday, September 3rd.—I had arranged with an interpreter yesterday to accompany E. S., and myself on a week's trip to Volcano Bay and to order the pack-horses. Neither interpreter nor horses were forthcoming to-day, and as it is equally impossible to find another of the former or go without one, the journey had to be abandoned.

This afternoon E. S., and I rowed the gig across the bay to a spot near one of the moors, where we hauled the boat up on the beach. Tramped over the heath in a fierce sun for two hours, but bagged little, the netters having been at work the night before.

In jumping a small stream, the bank gave way, and I got a good ducking, rather pleasant than otherwise.

Had a delightful swim in the bay this evening, the water being deliciously tempered. The sunset was lovely. The broad bay rippled with gold, and to the northward the peaks of the forest-clad ranges, with the fiery volcanic cone of Komoro-take caught the last flood of rosy hues from the dying orb. Long after the queen of night had changed the golden ripples to silver, the lingering northern light threw into bold relief the distant mountain peaks. In few spots are the eve and the early morn as romantic as in distant Hakodate.

Sunday, September 4th.—To-day has been very hot, so preferred remaining on board the *Benj. Sewall* in the cool bay, to venturing into the sweltering heat ashore.

Captain S. wishing to try a real Japanese dinner, we dined in native style this evening at the Musashino inn. The captain, being rather stout, found sitting on the mats extremely uncomfortable.

Monday, September 5th.—A lovely day with fresh breeze. Rose at seven a.m., and took a swim round the ship. Climbed to the top of the head this morning and was repaid with a wonderful panorama of Hakodate and view over the rugged mountains of Yezo. The main island across the Tsugara Straits was plainly visible, on which faintly loomed up a lofty volcano. The head is 1100 feet high. Took twenty-two minutes on the ascent and fourteen minutes on the descent.

Played tennis all evening with officers from H.M.S. *Vigilant* and *Flying Fish*.

At 8.30 p.m. the Mikado's yacht and another man-o'-war arrived and anchored close to us.

The Mikado is due here to-morrow from Sapporo on his return to Tokio, after a long tour through the northern provinces. Great preparations are being made in the town for his reception, as his visit of two days is to be

a general holiday. Numerous booths, lighted with gaudy paper lanterns have been constructed, temporary lamp-posts put up to give a civilized look to the town, which will all disappear with the departure of his Majesty. The fire-brigades have got out all their apparatus, and for practice have been playing water on their friends' houses, besides performing the acrobatic feats of standing on their heads on top of bamboo poles, a questionable mode of saving life.

The whole town is making a sad attempt to look gay and festive.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAKODATE (CONTINUED).

Missionary labour—Arrival of the Mikado—His retinue dissected—Cormorant-shooting—Arrival of British squadron—A short cut—Nanai Farm—The last glimpse of Japan.

Tuesday, September 6th.—Heavy gale last night, but the dawn dispelled the clouds and moderated the wind, the day having been lovely throughout. Many merchant-vessels and all men-o'-war were gaily decorated with bunting and every modest junk flew at least half a dozen national flags. The glaring red ball on white ground which everywhere confronted one, grew intensely monotonous, and made the Union Jacks floating from the gaffs of the *Vigilant* and *Flying Fish* doubly handsome.

Visited the Rev. Mr. D., an American Episcopalian missionary. His bungalow, situated high above the town, commands a

fine view over the harbour and distant mountains. In the grounds three buildings, to serve as schools and teachers residences, are in progress. It is a pity the American society does not spend the money among the needy nearer home, instead of "casting pearls among the swine." Mr. D. frankly acknowledged that five years' patient, unremitting toil had resulted in the conversion of scarce half a dozen souls. Many had professed their faith, and many pupils were taught in the schools, but nine-tenths of these were prompted by mercenary motives, and on gaining their ends, threw off all connexion with Christianity. Hopeful results are undoubtedly being obtained by the missions in Kioto and one or two other cities of the main island, but whether the faith will spread far beyond the small communities in which it has already taken root or take any serious grasp upon the materialistic Japanese people, must be held in doubt by even the most sanguine.

This afternoon boat-loads of marines and sailors from the Japp men-o'-war were sent ashore and drawn up in line along the princi-

pal street, to preserve a free passage for the Mikado and his retinue. The town was quite *en fête*, and the streets thronged with both country and town's folk, all dressed in holiday costume, and bent on amusement. The crowd lining the street along which the Mikado was to pass showed little disposition towards disorder, but was tyrannically ruled by a few policemen, who, with their batons, administered summary justice on any unfortunate individual who got pushed too far forward. Never had I seen such a quiet, submissive spirit, a marked contrast to an assemblage of enlightened Britons, whose "cat-calls," shouts and laughter, drive the myrmidons of the law frantic. The different stages of the emperor's approach were being constantly whispered about, and at last when his entry into the town became known, the sailors, armed with rifles, were mustered in line by an ugly officer with a harsh, grating voice.

Soon the Mikado's carriage, gorgeously gilded and carved, passed by, the band playing very softly the national air. His Majesty was dressed in a handsome general's uniform, but

has a coarse, expressionless face and scant beard, and altogether looks a fraud as a monarch. His sole companion was one of his cabinet ministers.

Immediately behind the carriage followed a small cavalry escort, mounted on wretched Yezo ponies, requisitioned from the country people for the occasion. One of the chargers was closely followed by a little foal, which could not be persuaded to desert its mother. A miscellaneous crowd of retainers, country gentry, colonial officials, &c., mounted in every style, in waggonettes, *jinricksha*, and on horseback, brought up the rear. Many affected European dress of all ages and styles, the effect being simply absurd. Instancing one of these ornaments to society pictures more or less faithfully the remainder.

Imagine a short-legged equestrian in an old, battered-in chimney-pot hat, whose better days are o'er; a black, swallow-tail coat, evidently intended for some one twice his size; trousers from which the feet had retired to some distance; white cotton gloves an inch too long, reducing the hand to the shape of a toasting-fork; shirt front that obtained

but a *side* view of the world ; stiff high collar, almost choking its victim ; and scarf evidently in deadly feud with the collar. This pitiable object is a Japanese gentleman of this generation, but happily many of them have the good taste to adhere to native costume, even for state occasions. It is, however, but justice to acknowledge that many highly educated gentlemen and students who have been abroad, not only wear well-cut foreign clothes, but also know how to wear them.

The Mikado went direct to the Kaitakushi House, where he remains all night. As soon as darkness came on the three men-o'-war and several native steamers were decorated from stem to stern with coloured paper lanterns, producing a fine effect. Fireworks of all descriptions were sent up on the harbour, until a late hour. The town is illuminated throughout, and the *saké* shops and booths are doing a thriving trade. Midnight will see but few sober heads in the town.

Wednesday, September 7th,—The Mikado went off to his yacht at eight a.m. The men-o'-war forts saluted, and the yacht, convoyed

by two ironclads, steamed off for Awomori, across the Tsugara Straits.

Taking the *Benj. Sewall's* gig, E. and I rowed out to the head on a visit to the caves, which, tunneling deep into the base of the lofty cliffs, can only be entered from the sea. We pulled some distance into the darkness, but the hollow roar of the waves in the dark recesses of the cavern warned us to beat a retreat from hidden dangers. Numerous cormorants perched on the sides of the cliffs or dived after fish, and with my snider several were brought to an untimely end. When wounded, these birds show a wonderful vitality, especially in the water, where they dive long distances to escape their pursuers. We had an exciting chase of more than a quarter of an hour before securing a wounded bird who baffled us repeatedly with his dives.

The day was lovely and quite calm. Away across the straits could be seen the masts of the approaching British China Squadron, and above them rose clouds of white smoke as they gave the Mikado's yacht a salute *en passant*.

This afternoon the fleet arrived, forming in order of anchoring, four in a line, at the entrance to the harbour. The majestic vessels made a most imposing spectacle as they slowly steamed up to their anchorage, where the flagship *Iron Duke*, gave a thundering salute, replied to by the fort, and echoed and re-echoed by the distant hills.

The squadron consists of the *Iron Duke*, Admiral Willes' flagship; three composite corvettes of sixteen guns each—the *Comus*, *Curaçoa*, and *Encounter*; and four gunboats—the *Lily*, *Pegasus*, *Albatross*, and *Zephyr*. The *Comus* and *Curaçoa* are quite new, very graceful, and have heavy ordnance. They are, however, built but lightly of steel, and rely more on their speed than the resistance of their armour.

Thursday, September 8th.—The morning being calm and cool, E. and I determined on a visit to the model farm at Nanai. Taking the ship's gig, we rowed about six miles across the bay, and landed near a small village, where we hauled the boat up on the beach, and left her. We anticipated finding a path

joining the main road (some two miles from the shore), but in this we were disappointed, and were obliged to strike across country. For some distance we made our way with difficulty across a wild moorland, but at last became imbedded in a dense jungle of bamboo grass, averaging about eight feet tall. It was impossible to see five yards ahead, and all our strength had to be put forth to crush blindly through, taking by turns the arduous task of leading. It cost considerably more than an hour's hard labour before we reached the open and a beaten path. These jungles form the great and hitherto insurmountable bar to the unsurveyed wilds of Yezo.

The highway to Nanai and Volcano Bay is a well-built, hard road of macadam, and by far the best I have seen in Japan.

The farm appears to be about 1500 acres, one-third of which is in pasture, the remainder supporting wheat, maize, barley, rye, tobacco, hemp, &c., and various root crops.

Permission to go through the stables and byres was at once obtained from an official occupying an office in the farmyard, and a clerk was detailed off as guide and interpreter, his

vocabulary, however, not extending beyond "yes" or "no."

A group of lazy farm-servants occupied a corner of the yard, smoking and gossiping, but made no attempt to resume work as their superior passed. A few Suffolk cattle, fine beasts, bred from animals imported from England, but in poor condition, occupied some of the byres. The stables contained a number of wretched native ponies, ungroomed and ill-cared-for in their dirty stalls. But little better tended were the few horses of foreign thoroughbred strain, a pity, considering the value an improved breed of horses might be to the country. The barns and outhouses are well built and spacious, but the place looks as though it had seen better days. The men do not appear to take the least interest in the animals, or pride in the tidiness of the place, so it must be very uphill work for the managers. The American supervisor and his staff left three years ago, and the place is now entirely under native supervision.

Separated from the steadings by the road stand the farm-servants' cottages and the

manager's pretty white, wooden house, built by the former manager, and for all the world like a cosy New England homestead. A carefully tended garden, brilliant with geraniums, roses, and other homelike flowers, sloped down to the road. Looking from the garden over the steadings, down to the sunny meadows, waving crops of golden grain, and acres of green turnip-tops extending into the wooded vale below, brought a vivid recollection of home that I had nowhere else experienced in Japan.

Apart from the great convenience to the foreign community in Hakodate, I cannot see what good this experimental farm is doing to the country at large, nor does it appear credible that the Japanese will ever attempt a foreign system of agriculture in any respect whatever. Would any benefit accrue to them from such a change? Such a question can only be answered by old residents in the country.

Leaving the farm about three p.m. we had a long tramp of two hours and a half back to the boat, taking care to give the bamboo grass a wide berth. The monotony of our

row back to the harbour was slightly broken by an awful salute from the *Iron Duke*, when passing close under her guns. The "thunder of the guns" is more enjoyable, though less imposing at a distance.

Sunday, September 18th, Benj. Sewall for San Francisco, Tsugara Straits.—Once more, Eastward ho! The rugged coasts of the main island and lofty volcanoes of Yezo are fading in the twilight, and the land in which four happy months have rapidly sped will soon be, to me, a thing of the past. The Alpine scenes, gorgeous temples, and the eccentricities of the people will ever be vivid in my memory. In no other clime will the traveller experience such uniform courtesy, honesty, and brotherly kindness from the country folks, without which travel in the interior would be more pain than pleasure.

May a brighter and more prosperous future dawn upon these worthy people!

THE END.

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